Ch. Room

OCTOBER 1930

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

HAZEL FRAZEE

Sugar belongs in the diet ... ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

"Sugar makes essential foods, which have roughage, minerals and vitamins, more palatable."

SHOULD SUGAR HAVE A PLACE IN THE DIET? Here are some interesting facts — information which your doctor would give you.

Sugar is a preferred fuel food. When eaten in any form, it combines with oxygen in the body. Seventy-five per cent of its energy goes into heat and the rest supplies power to the muscles.

Sugar makes essential foods, which are the vehicles or carriers of roughage, mineral salts and vitamins, more palatable. It modifies harsh acids, heightens bland flavors.

Consider how many fruits and vegetables that you eat are sweet. How unpleasant they would be without this palatable flavor. Often, however, certain familiar vegetables lose the sweetness they possessed when fresh picked, because their sugar has been converted into starch. In such cases it is proper to add a dash of sugar in cooking them to restore their original flavor.

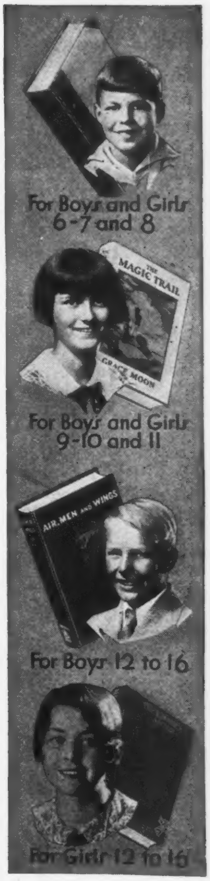
Think of these facts as you plan your meals. And in addition to using sugar as a flavor remember that simple wholesome desserts, as well as jellies and jams, have their place in balanced meals. The normal diet calls for sugar. Ask your doctor! The Sugar Institute, 129 Front Street, New York.

"Good food promotes good health"

CARL VAN DOREN
Mrs. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
ANGELO PATRI
Mrs. SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG
KATHERINE ULRICH
HELEN FERRIS
HARFORD POWEL Jr.

These 7 Specialists of Children's Reading Select One New Book Each Month for Your Son and Daughter

------- AND



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BETTER reading and more wholesome fun for your boy and girl at a saving of time and money for you. That is what the Junior Literary Guild will mean in your home.

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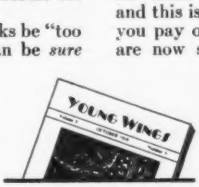
You need not worry lest the books be "too good" to be interesting. You can be *sure* they are unusually interesting as well as psychologically sound because the Junior Guild Editorial Board includes Carl Van Doren, famous literary critic; Helen Ferris, formerly editor of *American Girl;* Harford Powel, Jr., formerly editor of *Youth's Companion;* Katherine Ulrich, formerly head of the juvenile book department of a large publishing house. These men and women *know* from experience what boys and girls enjoy most.



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This Free Boys' and Girls' Book Magazine adds to the enjoyment of the book—contains a biographical sketch of the author, an account of the writing of the book, and often a special message from the author.

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Leading publishers submit their future boys' and girls' books in manuscript form to the Junior Guild Editors. These seven specialists of children's reading select four books each month from the dozens of juvenile books being published. They choose one book for each of the four reading ages: boys and girls 6, 7 and 8 years old; boys and girls 8, 10 and 11 years of age; boys 12 to 16; girls 12 to 16.

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Without cost or obligation to me, please send me your booklet which tells all about the free selection service of the Junior Guild Editors and how my son or daughter can receive each month an outstanding book at half price and the magazine YOUNG WINGS free.

Name..

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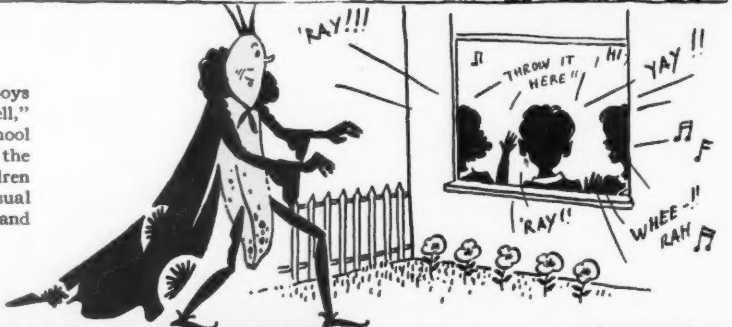
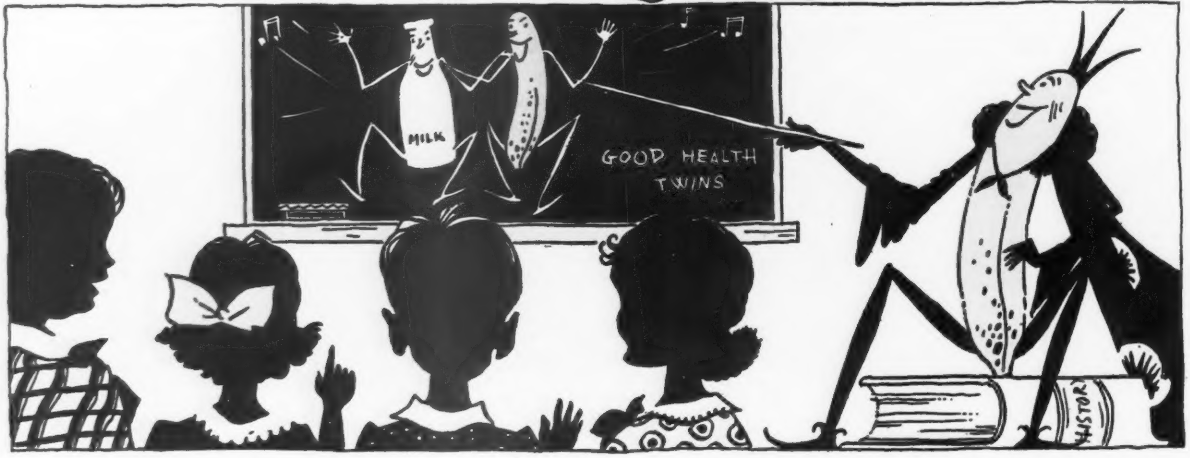
Son's or Daughter's Name...................

ADVENTURES OF GOOD KING BANANA
FRIEND OF LITTLE FOLK

Good King Banana likes to take a daily walk. "Boys and girls should walk a lot to keep strong and well," he always says. One day, his walk led him by a school house. He could see the little heads through the window, and as he came near, he heard the children laugh like everything! He knew something unusual must be up; so he sprang upon the window sill and peeked inside.


'RAY!!!
THROW IT HERE
HI
YAY!!
'RAY!
WHEE-!! RAH



There he saw a roomful of children without a teacher. "Oh, here's Good King Banana," said the first boy who spied him. "Hello, Good King," everybody shouted as he strolled down the aisle. "Teacher isn't here. Won't you keep our room?" "Righto," answered the King, "but only until teacher comes," and smack upon the desk he hopped and sat on a big, fat book. "Please tell us something about bananas," said John, who felt a little hungry. "About bananas? Oh, that's easy," answered the King. "Suppose we learn this little verse:

"Bananas and milk are good health twins,
And that's the way the day begins,
Bananas and milk are wholesome friends,
And that's the way the good day ends."

Then the King drew the Good Health Twins on the blackboard, and the children said the words until they knew them. "Now when should we think of the Twins?" the Good King asked. "At breakfast," said big, fat Tommy. "At lunch," said William. "At supper time," said Tiny Mary. "You're *all* right," laughed the King. "Think of the Twins whenever you're hungry and want something good to eat. With a bowl of sliced bananas and milk you really don't need anything else. Together they are a 'complete' food, you see. Plenty of mellow, brown-freckled bananas and good milk will make you feel as spry and well and full of pep as these Good Health Twins . . . But hello! Here comes teacher up the walk; so I'll be going." Then, with a couple of skips, he was at the window. "Now don't forget the Twins!" "We won't," he heard the little voices calling as he sailed into the open.

Wouldn't you like to have Good King Banana's Game? It's jolly as can be—for home, school or party. And when not being played, it will be nice for the wall of your room or schoolroom. Your name and address carefully printed on the coupon, together with a dime, will bring it to you. We'll also include a fine new book of banana recipes and menus for Mother.

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION C. L. 10-30
17 Battery Place, New York
Canadian Office—1171 St. James St., West, Montreal, Canada
Please send Good King Banana's Game, together with the recipe book for Mother, "Bananas in the Modern Manner." 10¢ is enclosed for mailing charges.
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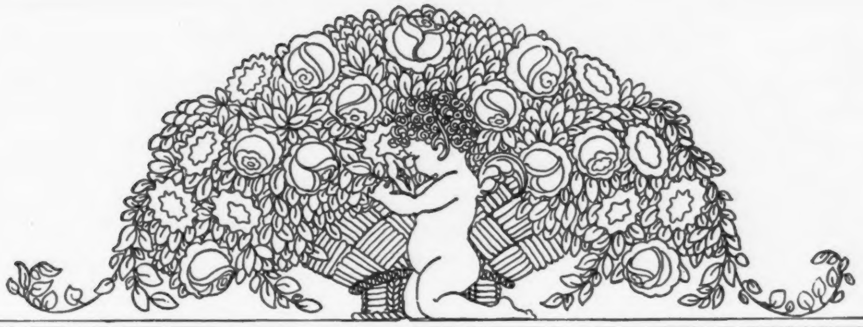

Volume IX
Number X

CHILD LIFE

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MADE IN U. S. A.

Journeys To Advertising Land

A Visit To "The Home of Shredded Wheat"

MISTER, can you tell us where the Home of Shredded Wheat is?" Bob's voice sounded eager.

"Oh, yes, of course! Turn on to Buffalo Avenue; when you get to the monument follow along the river, until you come to a big cream-colored brick building in the center of a big park—that's where Shredded Wheat is made."

This was Robert and Ruth's first trip to Niagara Falls. Daddy and Mother said they wouldn't be real Americans until they had seen Niagara Falls—and here they were right where they could hear the roar of the great cataract and see the mist rising in the clouds from the tumbling water. Somehow Bob wanted to see the world-famous Shredded Wheat Bakery first. He had read so much about it, had eaten so many thousands of Shredded Wheat Biscuits, that he really was very curious to see the "palace of light" with its thousands of windows and its beautiful foyer where thousands of visitors are received every day.

"You are not the only one who asked to see the Home of Shredded Wheat before seeing the cataract," said their taxi driver. "I nearly always take visitors there first. The Shredded Wheat factory is the product of man's ingenuity and skill. It will take you an hour to go through it—and many people come back to see it the second time."

After driving along Buffalo Avenue for a few blocks, there loomed up before Robert and Ruth a beautiful structure surrounded by a spacious green lawn and great beds of red and white peonies, while in front was a park with winding paths leading down to the rapids of Niagara River.

"Looks to me like a girls' college or a seminary," said Daddy.

"Looks to me like a modern sanitarium or some State institution," said Mother.

As they all ascended the stone steps of the building they saw the words, The Home of Shredded Wheat, carved in stone over the doorway. They soon found themselves in a spacious foyer, or reception room, beautifully furnished with oriental rugs and old mission furniture. And in the center of the ceiling hung a great chandelier with thousands of glass pendants through which the light shone in a soft but dazzling, crystalline splendor.

The new-comers were immediately greeted by a charming woman who asked us to be seated while a party was forming to be conducted through the building by one of the numerous guides. Before joining the party they were asked to put their names and addresses in a big register and right under the question, "Do you eat Shredded Wheat?" both Robert and his sister printed the word "YES" in large capital letters.

Of course the guide had to say a few words about Shredded Wheat, and Robert and Ruth suddenly realized that though they had eaten it all their lives they really didn't know how Shredded Wheat was made or why it was made in that way. "That's the reason the Shredded Wheat bakery was moved to Niagara Falls, so that visitors could go through it and learn for themselves why they had eaten Shredded Wheat Biscuit," the guide told them.

"How clean and inviting!" said Mother.

"And what a delicious, appetizing odor," said Ruth.

The aroma which pleased Ruth was the odor of baked wheat. No wonder everybody has such an appetite before they get to the dining room! And it certainly was clean—all the woodwork pure white and the floors swept much cleaner than most kitchens.

Ruth also liked the top floor where the wheat is cleaned by twenty-two machines that take all the dirt and dust and foreign material out of it. They saw one machine that took out all the small, broken grains of wheat.

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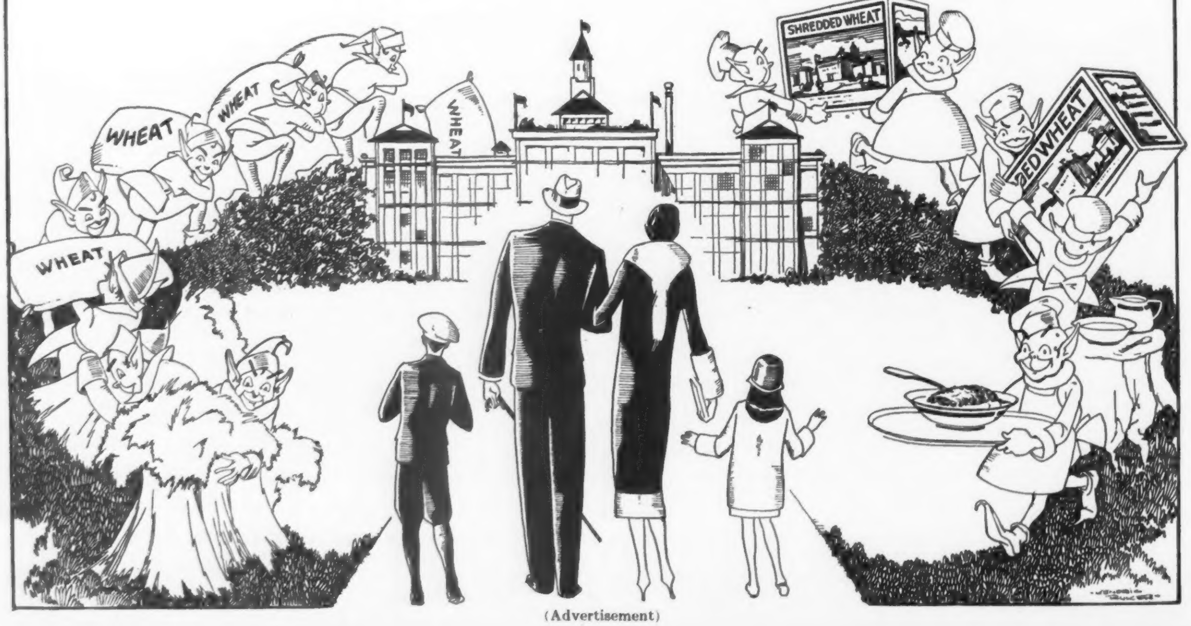
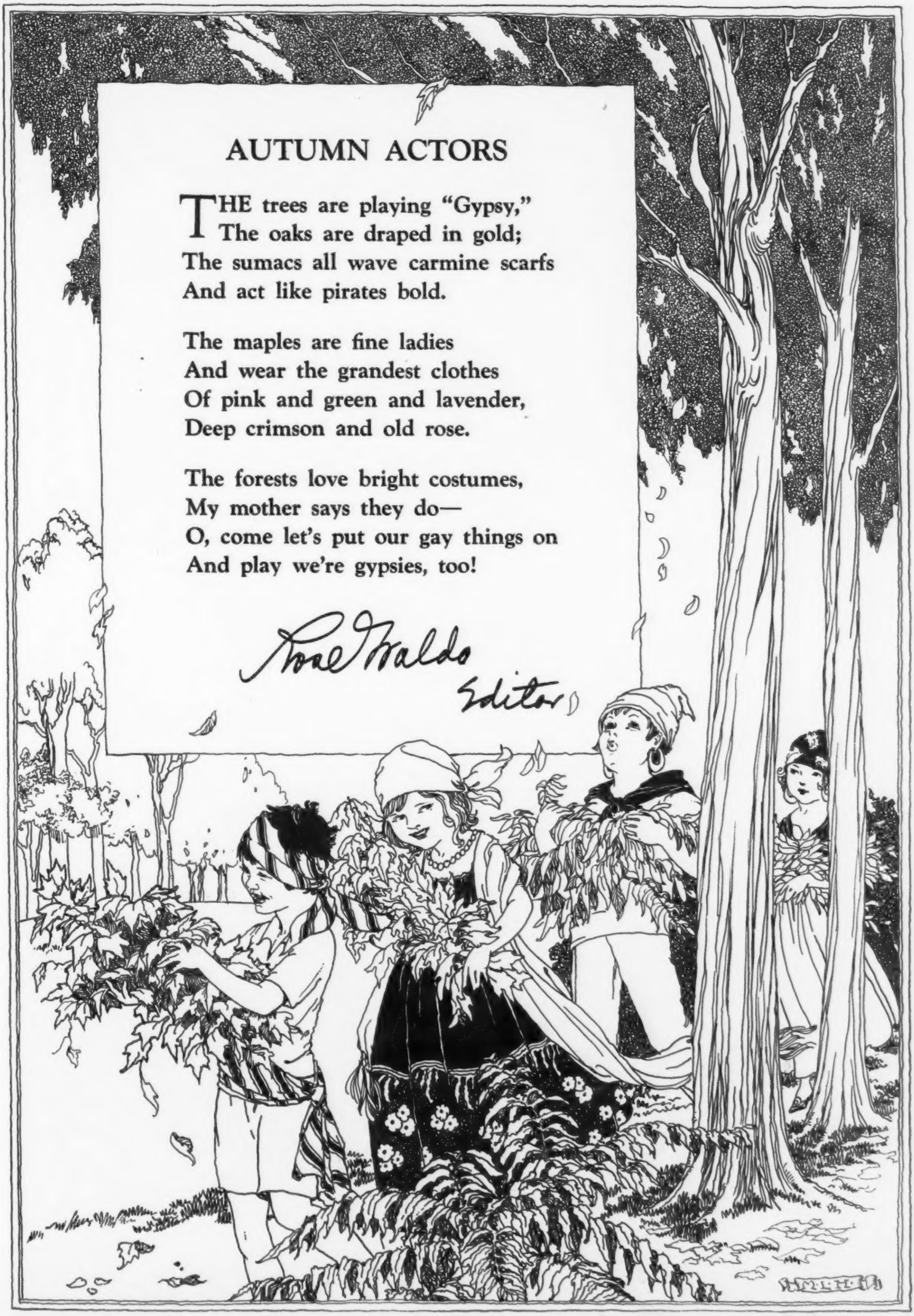


(Advertisement)



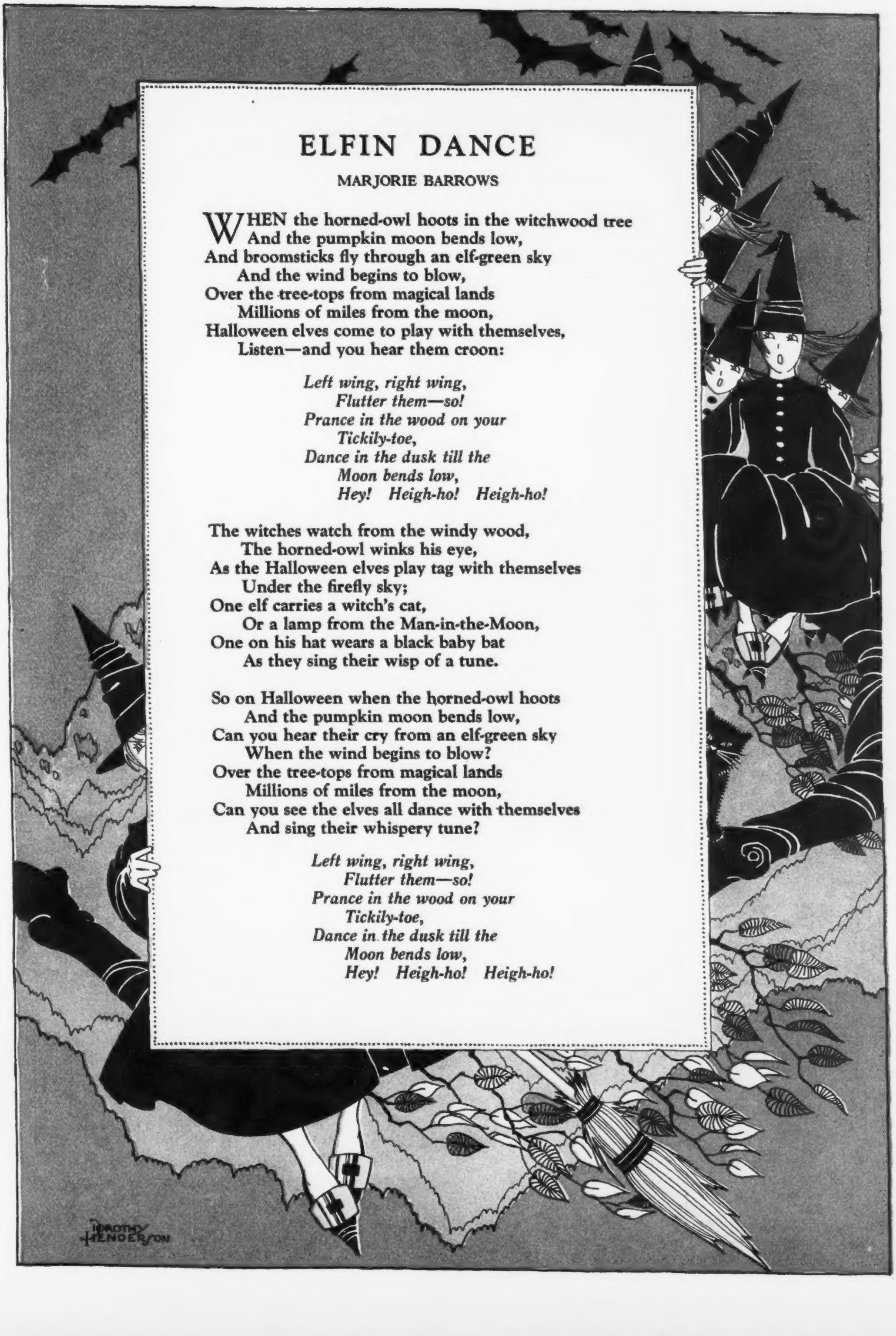
AUTUMN ACTORS

THE trees are playing "Gypsy,"
The oaks are draped in gold;
The sumacs all wave carmine scarfs
And act like pirates bold.

The maples are fine ladies
And wear the grandest clothes
Of pink and green and lavender,
Deep crimson and old rose.

The forests love bright costumes,
My mother says they do—
O, come let's put our gay things on
And play we're gypsies, too!

Rose Waldo
Editor



ELFIN DANCE

MARJORIE BARROWS

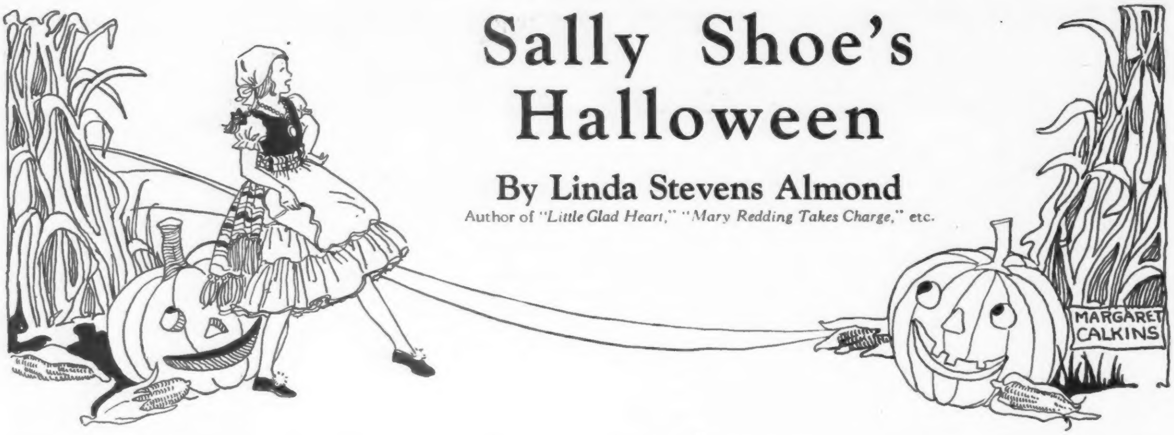
WHEN the horned-owl hoots in the witchwood tree
And the pumpkin moon bends low,
And broomsticks fly through an elf-green sky
And the wind begins to blow,
Over the tree-tops from magical lands
Millions of miles from the moon,
Halloween elves come to play with themselves,
Listen—and you hear them croon:

Left wing, right wing,
Flutter them—so!
Prance in the wood on your
Tickily-toe,
Dance in the dusk till the
Moon bends low,
Hey! Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!

The witches watch from the windy wood,
The horned-owl winks his eye,
As the Halloween elves play tag with themselves
Under the firefly sky;
One elf carries a witch's cat,
Or a lamp from the Man-in-the-Moon,
One on his hat wears a black baby bat
As they sing their wisp of a tune.

So on Halloween when the horned-owl hoots
And the pumpkin moon bends low,
Can you hear their cry from an elf-green sky
When the wind begins to blow?
Over the tree-tops from magical lands
Millions of miles from the moon,
Can you see the elves all dance with themselves
And sing their whispery tune?

Left wing, right wing,
Flutter them—so!
Prance in the wood on your
Tickily-toe,
Dance in the dusk till the
Moon bends low,
Hey! Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!



Sally Shoe's Halloween

By Linda Stevens Almond

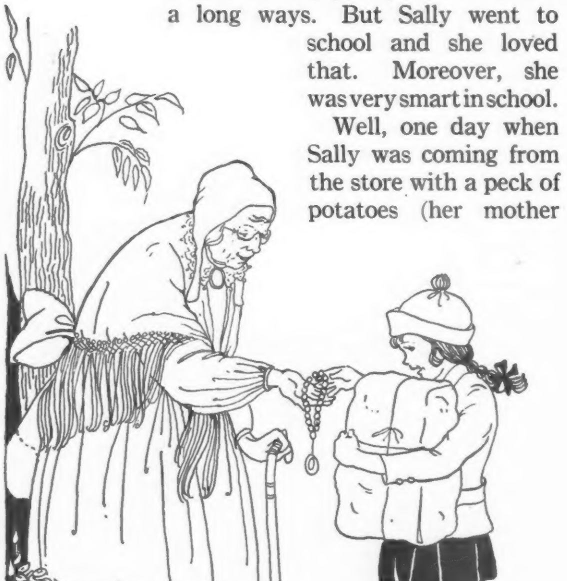
Author of *"Little Glad Heart," "Mary Redding Takes Charge,"* etc.

SALLY SHOE was one of Mrs. Shoe's numerous children. Now Sally Shoe's mother did not live in a shoe, but she certainly was very much like the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, for she surely had a great many children and sometimes she did not know what to do.

But Sally did know pretty much what to do. She was the oldest of the ten little Shoes, and she was quick and smart, and she could sweep and dust and help mend. And sometimes when poor Mrs. Shoe got terribly addled and said, "Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do?" Sally even cooked the meals, and good meals they were that Sally Shoe cooked.

Now, Sally did not have a great many pleasures, for as you see she was kept pretty busy helping her mother, and besides the Shoes were very poor. In fact, they had to count every single, solitary penny and stretch it a long ways. But Sally went to school and she loved that. Moreover, she was very smart in school.

Well, one day when Sally was coming from the store with a peck of potatoes (her mother had bade her hurry as the potatoes were for supper and everybody was hungry) little Lucy Manders ran down her walk and said, "Oh, Sally, what do you think? My mother is making me a gorgeous costume for the Halloween party. There is to be a prize for the best costume, and my mother says I will surely win it."



"I wish I could dress up and try for the prize," said Sally. "But, of course, we can't afford it."

"I suppose not," replied Lucy Manders. "Say, Sally, I wish you'd stop a minute and help me with my examples. I just can't do them, it seems, and you're ever so smart, Sally."

So Sally put down her peck of potatoes and sat on Lucy's doorstep and showed her how to do her examples.

"Oh, Sally, you're very kind," said Lucy Manders. "I wish I could do something for you. Isn't there anything that I have that you'd like to have?"

"Why, yes," said Sally slowly. "Your red silk kerchief you are wearing with your middy blouse looks much too shabby for you, Lucy."

"I'll ask Mother if I can't give it to you," said Lucy Manders, and she flew indoors and flew out again, and said, "Yes, indeed, Sally, you may have my red kerchief."

And straightway Lucy took off her red silk kerchief and handed it to Sally, and Sally knotted it around her neck, thanked Lucy, picked up her peck of potatoes and went on her way.

She had to go over a hill and as she was going over it she met old Miss Flannigan coming along flippity-flap, flippity-flap, all out of breath.

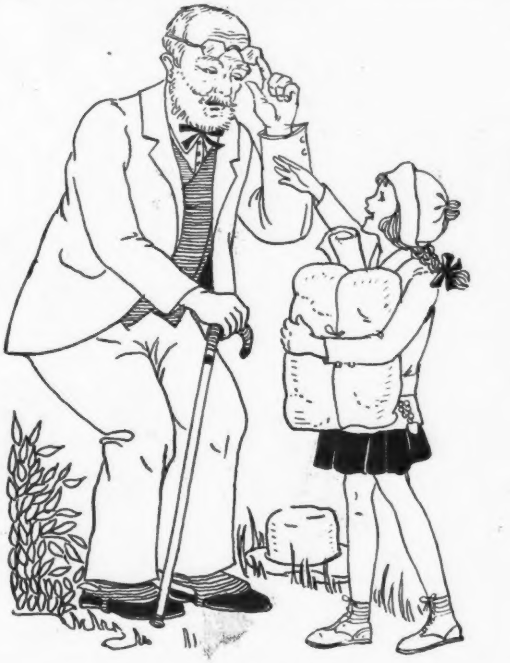
"Oh, Sally, my dear," she panted, "I want to get two letters in the post office before the mail goes out. Would you take them? Your legs are so young and quick, child."

"Oh, I'd love to," answered Sally Shoe, "if you'll hold my peck of potatoes, while I run to the post office." So Miss Flannigan held the potatoes and Sally took the letters and ran down the hill to the post office and got the letters posted before the mail went out. When she got back old Miss Flannigan said, "Oh, Sally, what a nice child you are! Is there anything I can do for you?"

Sally Shoe replied, "Oh, no ma'am, thank you," and started off with her peck of potatoes.

"Sally, wait!" cried old Miss Flannigan. "I'm going to give you this string of beads I'm wearing. I'm much too old for such a gay string of beads." And old Miss Flannigan took off her gay string of beads and put them around Sally's neck.

"Oh, I'm ever so much obliged!" cried Sally Shoe, and away she went skipping on. As she passed the window of Miss Poppitt who was the village seamstress Miss Poppitt popped her head out and called, "Oh, Sally Shoe, will you stop a minute? I've been waiting for someone to pass by to run to the store to get me a spool of green sewing silk. I've run out of it and Dilly Dale's dress must be finished by six o'clock. Will you go to Mr. Bobbitt's store and get the spool of green silk, Sally, like the obliging little girl that you are?"

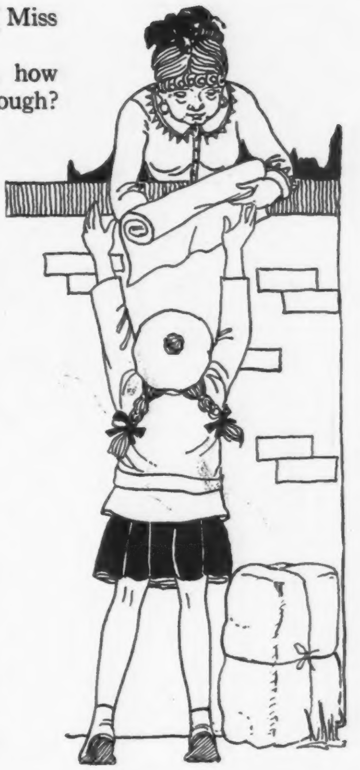


"Yes'm," said Sally Shoe, and she put down her peck of potatoes and Miss Poppitt gave her a strand of silk to match and a dime with which to buy the spool of silk, and away sped Sally to Mr. Bobbitt's store.

Mr. Bobbitt said, "No doubt, Sally Shoe, your mother is making you a masquerade costume for the big Halloween party. I hope you win the prize."

Sally Shoe started to say that her mother was not making her a masquerade costume, that she had no idea of competing for the prize, when Mr. Bobbitt leaned over the counter and said, "I like you, Sally Shoe, and I am going to give you a mask. Here it is, a beautiful red silk one, and it will look as fine as Friday with your black eyes shining through."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Sally Shoe and when she had matched the spool of green silk she ran down the street and over the hill and up the lane until she came to Miss Poppitt's window.



"Oh, Sally Shoe, how can I thank you enough? I know! Here is a roll of yellow muslin left over from a masquerade costume I made Bobby Titlow. His mother said I was to keep it, but if it will do you any good you're welcome to it."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Poppitt," cried Sally Shoe, and she took the roll of yellow muslin and picked up her peck of potatoes and went skipping down the lane. She met old Doctor Fidgett. He was looking up and down and all around. "Oh, my, what is wrong?" asked Sally Shoe.

"I'm ruined!" wailed Old Doctor Fidgett. "I've lost my specs and I can't see an inch before me."

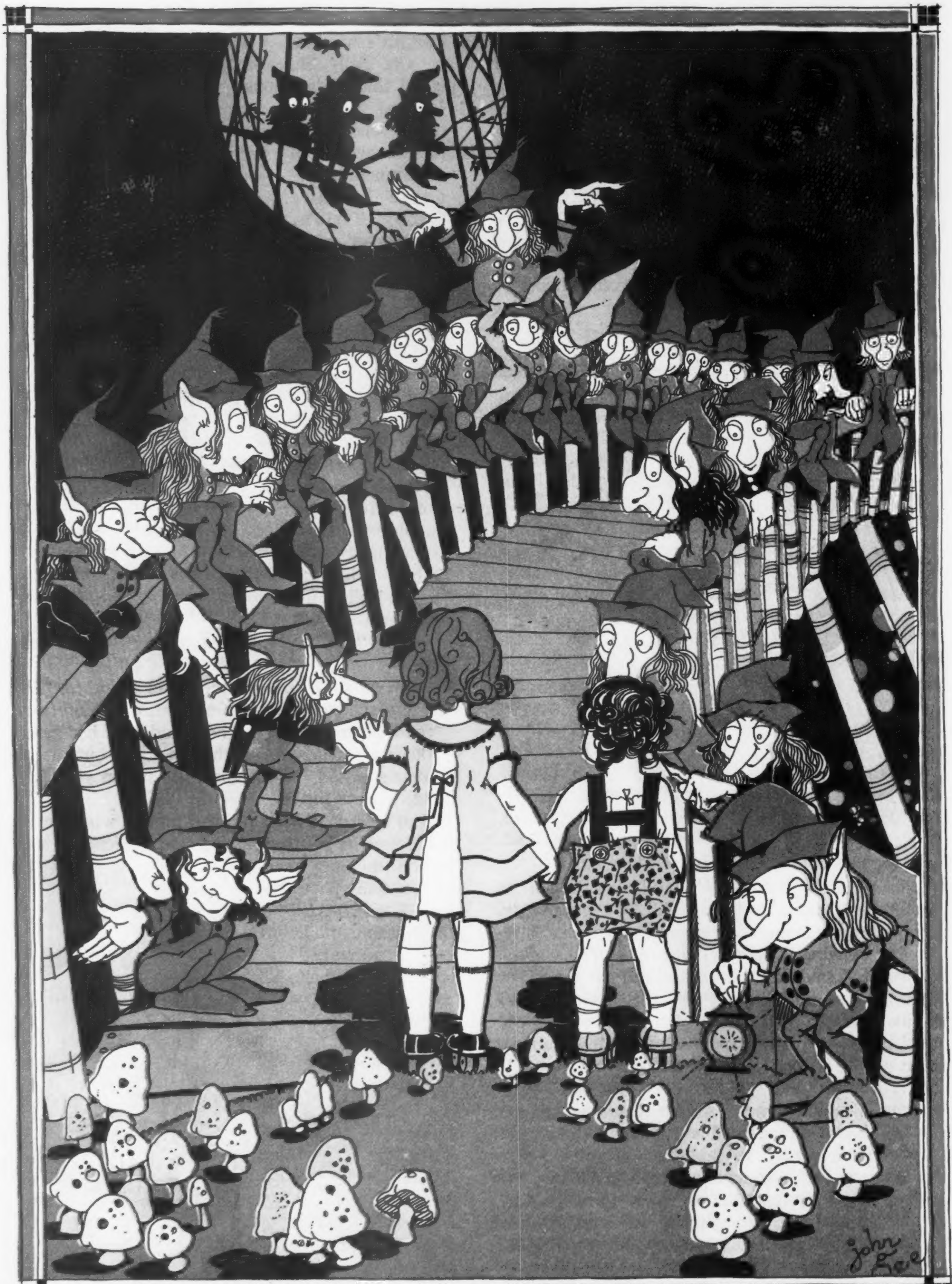
Sally Shoe had to clap her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing right out loud, but after a second she said, "Your specs are up on your forehead, Doctor Fidgett."

And Doctor Fidgett reached up and when he felt his glasses he just roared and said, "Bless my soul! Why, I am greatly indebted to you, Sally Shoe. What shall I give you?"

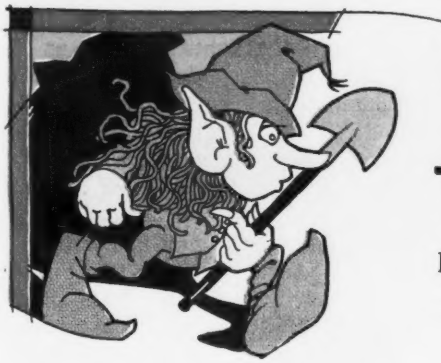
"Nothing at all, sir," answered Sally Shoe, and off she started.

"Now, don't be in such a hurry," called Doctor Fidgett. "Here is a package. It is a Roman sash of all colors of the rainbow.

[Continued on page 514]



THOUSANDS OF TROLLS



DORIS and the TROLLS

By Richard Atwater

Author of "*Rickety Rhymes*," etc

CHAPTER I

What Happens When You Follow a Troll Cat

THERE were once two sisters, and their names were Doris and Peggy. Doris was just big enough to go to school, and Peggy was just little enough so she couldn't go to school; and they both had a gray-and-white kitten they called Mitzi.

Just now, Peggy was helping Doris make a big high tower out of blocks on the big red rug in the living room; and every time the big high tower was almost finished, the kitten would scamper across the rug and knock all the blocks down with her gray-and-white paws.

"I will only make one more big high tower," said Doris. "And I do hope Mitzi won't knock it down this time."

But when the tower was almost finished, the kitten came scampering across the rug again and knocked all the blocks down.

"You stop that, you naughty Mitzi," cried Peggy, and she tried to spank the kitten for knocking the tower down. But the kitten just jumped out of Peggy's reach, and then the kitten sat there looking at the children, cocking up her little furry ears and turning her head sideways and flipping the end of her tail up and down, as if she dared them to chase her.

"I guess Mitzi is a troll cat," said Doris. "And if she is a troll cat, she can't help being naughty."

"What is a troll cat, Doris?" asked Peggy.

"Ha ha," said Doris. "I suppose you don't even know what trolls are."

"I do too know what trolls are," said Peggy. "What are trolls, Doris?"

"Oh, just naughty little people that live under a bridge," said Doris. "But don't let's play blocks any more, because Mitzi is such a troll cat, and she will never let us make anything."

"Then tell me a story about the trolls that live under the bridge," said Peggy.

"All right, Peggy," said Doris. "We will sit in the big armchair in front of the fireplace, and I will tell you a funny story, and the name of the story is 'Doris and the Trolls.'"

"You never let me be in the story," said Peggy as she climbed up in the big armchair beside her sister.

"All right, you can be in the story, too," said Doris kindly. "Only you mustn't keep on talking, Peggy, or else the story will get all mixed up."

"I won't keep on talking, Doris," Peggy promised.

"Then sit very still," said Doris. So they both sat very still for a minute. And then Doris began.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Doris. She had golden hair and blue eyes and she wore a pretty voile dress. It was a purple dress, made of voile. The trouble was, she wanted a necklace to wear and nobody would give her a necklace. So she sat in a big armchair with her little sister, Peggy, wondering how she could get a necklace, and along came a troll cat. The troll cat's name was Mitzi. And the reason she was a troll cat is because she was always running away to visit the trolls.

So the troll cat came along and stood in front of the two little girls and looked at them out of her two yellow eyes, as if the troll cat wanted to say something. And she said, "Miaow, miaow."

When the troll cat said, "Miaow, miaow," the little girl named Peggy said, "I wish Mitzi could really talk, Doris."

"Mitzi can so talk," said Doris. "She can say any word that begins with M, only we just think she says, 'Miaow,' because we don't listen hard enough. Isn't that so, Mitzi?"

"MMMM, yow," said the troll cat, standing up high and arching her back at the children.

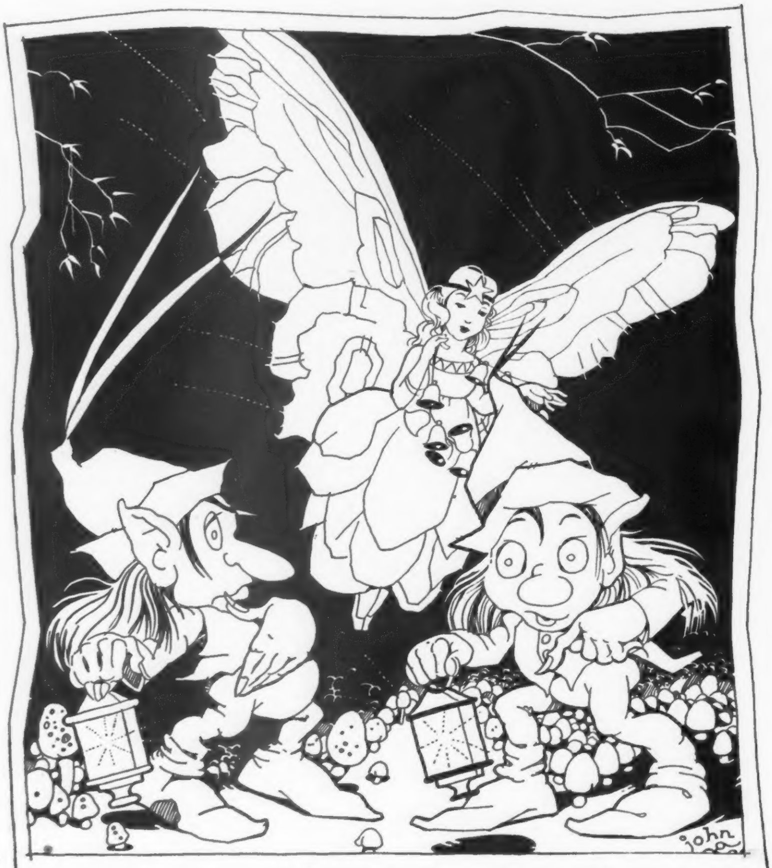
"She said, 'Yes, Doris,'" said Peggy.

So the troll cat purred to show how glad she was the children could understand her, and then she rubbed her back

against the legs of the armchair; and then the troll cat began to walk toward the fireplace, looking up at the children with her two big yellow eyes to show them she wanted them to follow her.

So Doris and Peggy got up out of their chair and followed the troll cat to the fireplace until all three of them were inside the fireplace. Of course there wasn't any fire in it; the fireplace was empty so they could all stand inside of it, only the two little girls had to bend over so they wouldn't bump their heads on the top of the fireplace.

And Doris said, "I don't think Mother would want us to be inside the fireplace like this because it is so black and dirty all over, and there is a funny place in the floor where it goes down when Mother cleans the ashes out."



THEY WERE TROLLS

"Here's the funny place where it goes down," said Peggy. And before Doris could stop her, Peggy pushed something, and all of a sudden, whoosh! Doris and Peggy and Mitzi were all falling down a deep dark hole under the fireplace, until they thought they never would stop falling. And then, whoosh! They fell into a big pile of something soft like feathers. It was a pile of ashes from the fireplace.

"It's a good thing that pile of ashes was here, wasn't it, Doris," said Peggy when they picked themselves up and tried to brush the ashes off their voile dress and Peggy's rompers.

"Yes," said Doris, "but I'm afraid we got pretty dirty. And where did Mitzi go?"

It was so dark down there they couldn't see anything, not even Mitzi's yellow eyes, so I guess the troll cat had disappeared, now the children had followed her to this funny place.

But just then there was a pretty red light that came toward the children from somewhere, and then there was a pretty blue light that came with the red light, and both the lights flickered as if they were lanterns with the wind blowing them. And then the children could hear a little bell. It said, "Ting, Tang! Ting, Tong!" And then it said it all over again, "Ting, Tang! Ting, Tong!"

"Is that a scissors grinder, Doris?" said Peggy.

"It certainly sounds like a scissors grinder," said Doris; and Doris took Peggy's hand in her hand because both the little girls were a little afraid of what was going to happen next in this queer dark place they had never been to before.

They waited till the lanterns came nearer, and they saw a funny little man was carrying the flickering red light, and another funny little man was carrying the blue light. Both the little men had little pointed caps on their heads, and they had very long noses on their little faces, and very long fingernails on their fingers. And they wore red vests and long green trousers and long pointed shoes, and their hair streamed out under their pointed caps because their hair was very long and nobody had ever cut it. They were trolls.

And between the two trolls with the lanterns was a little girl fairy with a butterfly dress and wings, and she had a necklace of little bells around her neck, and that was what made the scissors grinder music when she danced between the two trolls.

"Hello, children," said the two trolls, when they saw Doris and Peggy.

Peggy was so afraid of the trolls she hid her head in Doris's voile dress, but Doris just looked at the trolls and she said, "Hello," back to them, and then the trolls didn't say anything more, so Doris said to them, "I think we must be lost."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the trolls.

CHAPTER II

WHY THE TING TANG FAIRY WAS A PRISONER OF THE TROLLS

Doris was a little angry when the trolls just laughed at her when she said she was lost, but the fairy danced up to the children and the bells of her necklace said, "Ting, Tang! Ting, Tong!" So Peggy took her head out of Doris's voile dress and looked at the fairy and the fairy smiled very sweetly at both the children.

"I wish I had a Ting Tang necklace," said Peggy.

"So do I," said Doris.

The little fairy smiled again. She was quite little, littler even than Peggy. The two trolls laughed again, too. They were just about as big as Peggy. Doris was the biggest one there. That was why she wasn't really very much afraid of the trolls, even if they did have such long noses and fingernails and hair. Besides, the trolls were just laughing and having a good time.

"You just come along with us, both of you," said the fairy in a clear little voice, "and maybe you can have a necklace like mine, too." The fairy looked very pretty standing there in her butterfly dress with wings, while the blue and red light from the trolls' lanterns flickered on and off. There were fireflies in the lanterns, and that's why the lights went on and off. There were blue fireflies in one lantern and red fireflies in the other lantern.

"We would certainly like to have a music necklace like yours," said Doris to the fairy. "Are there lots of fairies down here?"

The two trolls laughed hard at this question, as if they had never heard anything so silly.

"No," said the fairy rather sadly. "This is the Land of the Trolls, and I am the only fairy here. Would you like to hear my story?"

"Yes," said the children.

"Well," said the fairy, "long ago I lived in my own country, in Fairyland, but one day I was playing with my fairy mother's pair of scissors, and I ran away with the scissors till I came near the trolls' country. A troll came along and took my scissors away, and when I went back home my fairy mother was angry because she needed her scissors to cut cobwebs with, so she put me under a spell. Under this spell I have to stay with the trolls and be their prisoner until somebody gives me a pair of sharp silver scissors to take back to my fairy mother."

"Oh," said Doris, "but won't they give you the scissors, so you can be free again?"

The little fairy came very near the children and whispered in their ears so the trolls couldn't hear.

"The king of the trolls has a pair of scissors," whispered the fairy. "I think he has two pairs of them, but I know he has one because it is he who stole my mother's pair from me when he was a boy troll. But don't ever tell the trolls I know he has them, or they will never let me get them so I can be free."

"We won't tell the trolls," said Doris.

"Thank you," whispered the fairy. Then she spoke up louder in her clear little voice, "All right, Mildrop and Crumspill. The children are ready to come with us under the bridge."

Mildrop and Crumspill were the names of the two trolls with the firefly lanterns.

"I don't see any bridge," said Peggy.

"Come on, then," said Mildrop.

"But you must put these on first," said Crumspill, taking two pairs of roller skates out of his long green trousers pockets.

"Roller skates!" said Doris in surprise.

"You mean troller skates," laughed the trolls as they helped the children put them on their feet. "We trolls don't need them to go places, but you need troller skates if you want to troll along with us."

So the children stood up on their skates and followed the fairy and the trolls with their flickering red and blue lanterns while the trolls sang:

"Merrily we troll along,
Troll along, troll along—
Merrily we troll along—"

"Over the bright blue sea," sang Doris.

"My name is not Lucy," said Mildrop indignantly.

"I said blue sea," said Doris.

"That isn't right either," said Crumspill.

Then both lanterns went out and the children heard the trolls laughing mockingly in the darkness. They couldn't see where they were going now, but the troll skates carried them on, around corners and down hills and around another corner and up a hill, and the children knew they were going the right way because they could always hear the Ting Tang necklace just ahead of them and the trolls giggling at them in the darkness. And then all at once the lanterns went on again, and suddenly they were all coming out under the moonlit sky onto a big bridge. And thousands of trolls were sitting in their orange vests and green trousers and pointed hats, on the railings of the bridge, on both sides of them. And then all the thousands of trolls laughed to see the children there, and they threw up their pointed caps and caught them in their fingernails when they came

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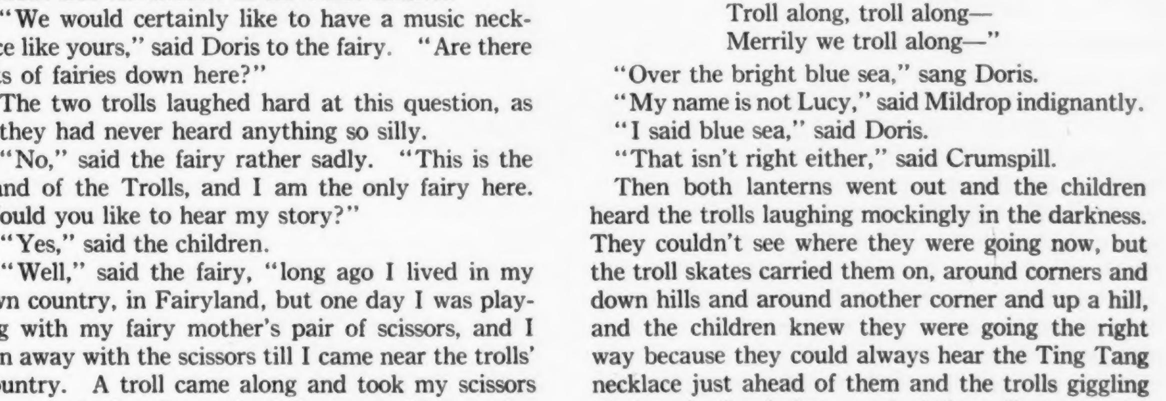


Friends of a Feather

By Josephine E. Phillips

Bill's mother had worried a lot at housecleaning time about where to put the spare folding couch—until Bill heard of it.

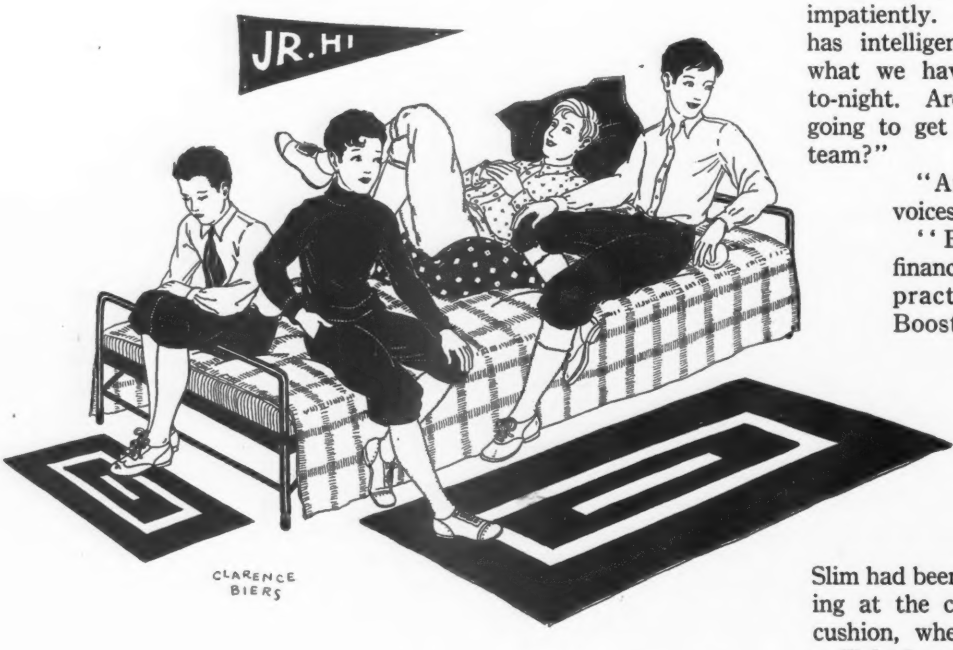
"Out in the shed, where we have our clubroom," he decided promptly.

"But you have a cot there already." She laughed. "And even you can't sit but one place at a time."

"Well, it would be handy when the boys come in."

This rainy October night the boys were in, and the spare couch groaned now and then under its capacity load. Bill shared a place on the cot with Slim, since he didn't take up much room, but Nick and Tim, Andy and Cupe sprawled dejectedly against the cushions opposite.

"No," Nick sighed. "Without any coach or any money backing, and with a new principal who makes you do funny things like get up before the whole assembly to apologize for your wrong-doings and who's probably never heard of a football, there's no hope of getting a team,"



"While there's life there's hope," Slim quoted cheerfully. "And we six have life enough."

"We have, but the Boosters' Club of Junior Hi has been absolutely dead for two years. One season's defeat and they just evaporated."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" came a defiant crowing, and a small bantam rooster stuck his head out from under Bill's cot.

"He thought you said 'rooster', " Bill apologized. "Get back under there, Brutus! Yes, sir! Right in your box. Now stay there and keep still or Mother'll have you in a chicken pie about tomorrow noon."

"Chicken pie! That in a chicken pie?" Cupe jeered. "Why, he hasn't enough meat on him for a—a swallow."

"Not as much as you, Cupe," Bill admitted, "but some ways he's better'n you. For instance, this rooster's got brains."

He barricaded himself with Slim's pillow just in time.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" came again, muffled by the couch cover.

"See? He knows every time I say 'rooster'. He has more intelligence than—"

"Oh, yes, yes," Tim put in impatiently. "Of course, Brutus has intelligence, but that isn't what we have to decide about to-night. Are we or are we not going to get together a football team?"

"Are!" came several voices emphatically.

"But how can we finance it?" Andy asked practically. "The old Boosters' Club used to have dues, so they could furnish uniforms and get tickets printed and things."

"We'll just start a new Boosters' Club ourselves."

Slim had been thoughtfully plucking at the corner of the lumpy cushion, where a sharp feather-quill had recently surprised him. With a final tug he extracted the offender and began blowing at it. It was a long reddish feather and wafted here and there as Slim talked. "We can be the nucleus—"

"The which?"

"The er—center of a club whose object shall be to encourage Junior Hi athletics, especially football. As the new Boosters—"

At this explosive word the feather soared high and away to the other side of the room, where it continued to be upheld by the puffs of the four boys there reclining. This same word was also too

much for Brutus. He stuck his head out once more and flapped his wings preparatory to his challenging crow.

"He's just wondering again whether you were speaking to him or not," Bill explained, muzzling his pet. Brutus meekly flicked his lower eyelids over beady eyes and made funny noises in his throat before forcibly retiring.

"He gives me an idea," Slim said thoughtfully, following the feather with his eye. "Why can't Brutus be our mascot? He rhymes so nicely. The rooster is a booster—"

"He crows at early morn," singsonged Tim.

"He crows just like he useter," Andy suggested brightly.

But Slim held up his hand in horror. "I don't like that 'useter'. One should say 'used to' carefully."

"It rhymes, though, doesn't it? And everybody knows what it means. What more do you want? Here, let me finish it:

"The rooster is a booster,
He crows at early morn.
He crows just as he useter
In the days ere we were born!

"Isn't that 'ere' in the last line poetic enough to make up for the 'useter'?"

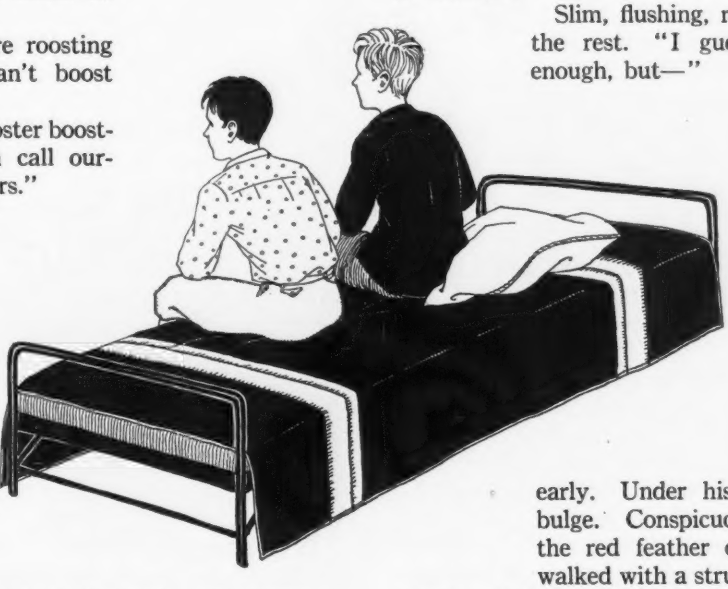
Slim muttered it over to himself and decided that it was. "Really that sounds pretty good. We'd better have a second verse, too."

"Oh, we're the roosting boosters?" suggested Cupe timidly. He wasn't much on poetry.

"Wrong! If we're roosting all the time we can't boost much."

"Oh, we're the rooster boosters, then. We can call ourselves rooster-boosters."

"We crow from morn till night," was Tim's next offering.



The next two lines came slowly but the boys were well satisfied when they were done. Bill had to rouse himself to a semi-recumbent position and direct Andy's search over his old desk for pencil and paper to write it down with. Then they repeated it in unison, twice, three times, with much gusto:

"The rooster is a booster,
He crows at early morn.
He crows just as he useter
In the days ere we were born.

Oh, we're the Rooster-Boosters,
We crow from morn till night!
You want to watch us Roosters
Boost everything in sight!"

"It just sings itself!" Slim cried delightedly. "Can't you see them, hear them, as we come loping onto the field in our span new uniforms? The bleachers will start chanting, 'The rooster is a booster,' and somebody will crow at the end of every line, and we'll win the game, sure as anything."

"But I'm not so sure about the uniforms," Tim said skeptically. "I don't believe I can scare up so much as a spiked shoe, myself. If there's only us six in the club—"

"Six? Huh! There'll be nearer six hundred," Bill said largely. "I've an idea for getting members!" He sat bolt upright, just in time for the much-harassed feather to land directly in the curved harbor that lay between his nose and his upper lip.

"Kerchoo!" The feather took to the air again under the force of a huge sneeze, and everybody doubled in merriment at Bill's surprise at his own noise.

"There, there!" Andy came over and patted his shoulder consolingly. "Got the dust all off your brains? Now tell us the idea."

"I will not," Bill replied. "It may not work, anyhow." He snatched at the feather, captured it, and attached it neatly plume-upward in his lapel. "You'll see to-morrow."

"Is it decided then? How many are going out for football?"

Slim, flushing, raised his hand with the rest. "I guess I'm not heavy enough, but—"

"But you're quick as a cat," Andy said generously.

"And you'll have lots of time to eat between now and then. I'll show you how," was Cupe's promise.

Next day Bill arrived at the schoolgrounds early. Under his coat was a slight bulge. Conspicuous in his lapel was the red feather of the evening. He walked with a strut and muttered half-aloud a little doggerel verse. Almost at once he was accosted by Big Red Evans.

"Hm! I see your friend Brutus is shedding something."

"That? Oh, that little feather? Hadn't you heard? That's the insignia of the new Rooster-Boosters' Club."

"It is?" Red Evans' eyes enlarged. "Gee! I wish I had one."

"Maybe I could get you one, but they cost a quarter."

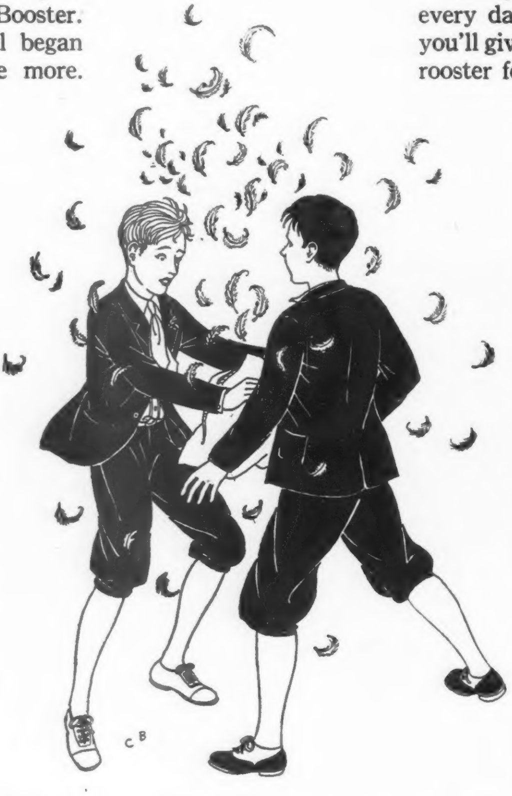
"I've got that much right on me, and a nickel besides."

"I was going to say," Bill went on quickly, "it's a nickel more for honorary membership."

"That's the kind I want."

"Do you promise to uphold athletics?"

Red nodded, so Bill disappeared around a corner, plucked a feather from under his coat, and returned to fasten the insignia ceremoniously to the lapel of the new Rooster-Booster.



Red went his way and Bill began stalking back and forth once more. Soon Nick and Andy came tearing up. "Say, where do we get in on this? Red Evans is sporting around with a feather, saying he's a Rooster-Booster."

"Is he?"

"He is. When do we get ours?"

"They cost a quarter," Bill remarked.

Nick's face fell, and Andy's was almost as low when a frantic search in his pockets disclosed four lone pennies.

"Aw, Bill—"

"I was going to say," Bill went on, "that you, being charter members present at the organization-meeting, needn't pay for your insignia—only don't tell anybody."

"Where is it, quick?" Nick urged. "I have to report early for whispering yesterday."

Bill's hand fumbled under his coat and emerged with two long reddish feathers.

Andy was a little horrified. "Say, don't let Slim see you doing that."

Bill just grinned and patted the bulge.

Word spread swiftly that the Boosters' Club had been revived, and Bill was surrounded with eager, questioning schoolmates. Some had money on their persons, so that they paid for membership for themselves and whichever of their friends pleaded hardest. Others asked Bill to trust them, and were informed that he could carry no charge accounts but that, reimbursed from home at noon, they might again seek membership. A few stood at one side, jeering the project.

"When we get home we'll go out in the chicken yard and pluck tail feathers off our rooster and then *we'll* belong to the Boosters."

Bill stopped in his sales and eyed the speaker scornfully. "I guess you're just the kind of a guy the last Boosters' Club had in it. Maybe you, too, will die a natural death—and then again, maybe you won't."

"Hear, hear!" And the boys bore off the offender.

"Now come the girls," announced a bystander. "Going to form a Biddies-Boosters, Sally?"

Sally was not. "I'm not that henny," she answered witheringly. "Can we join the Roosters, Bill? We haven't much money but we'll give you a fudge-sale to-morrow. Won't we, girls? Total proceeds."

The girls would. "Every week, every day, even, a fudge-sale, if only you'll give us each one of those adorable rooster feathers this minute."

The matter needed pondering, but Bill was blushing under the unaccustomed feminine attention, and besides the warning bell was due. He began quickly doling feathers from the seemingly unlimited supply under his coat.

"Bdbdbrrrr!" came the warning gong, and the pupils of Junior Hi scattered their several ways like ants beneath a suddenly overturned stone. Only Bill remained. He remained because Slim was confronting him, fire in his eye, knots working in his lean fists.

"I'm no fighter, Bill, but I can't stand any more of this. I'd have lit into—I'd have li-"

"You'd have alighted on me?" Bill suggested helpfully.

"Well, anyway, I would have, sooner'n this, except I couldn't believe my eyes. It's been fine, your keeping Brutus when he's really the mascot of the whole gang. Haven't any of us minded. But I won't stand for your having him completely de—" Slim was seldom at a loss for words, but this time his tongue got ahead of his thought.

"Demoralized?" asked Bill solemnly.

"De-feathered," finished Slim, fiercely. "Give him to me!"

Bill was enjoying himself. He laughed and threw one strong arm across Slim's shoulder and, carefully guarding the bulge under his own coat, guided him through the great door into the main corridor. No one was in sight. It was almost time for the tardy bell.

Slim had never been tardy in his life. He gulped once or twice. They were passing the open door of the principal's office when he

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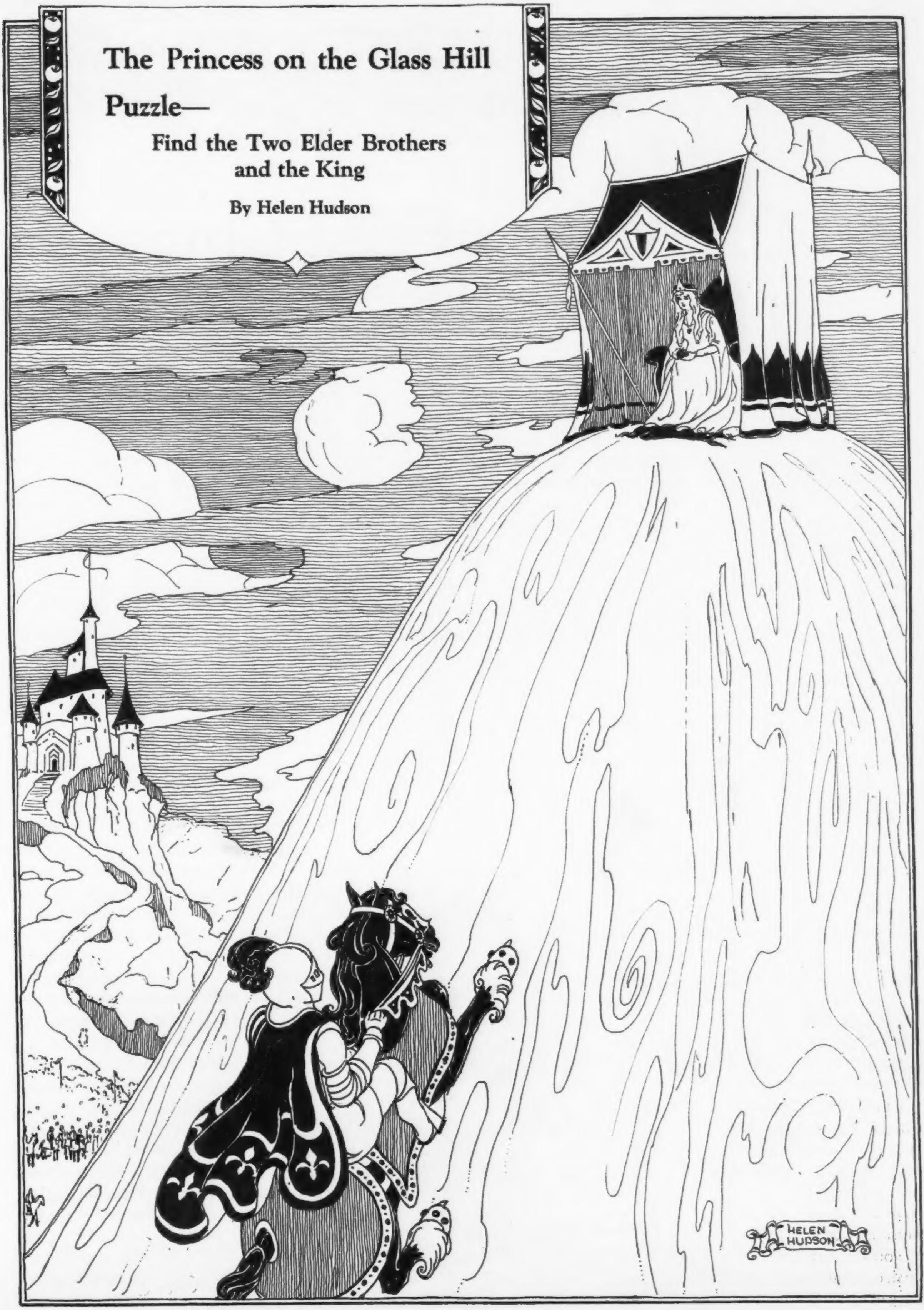
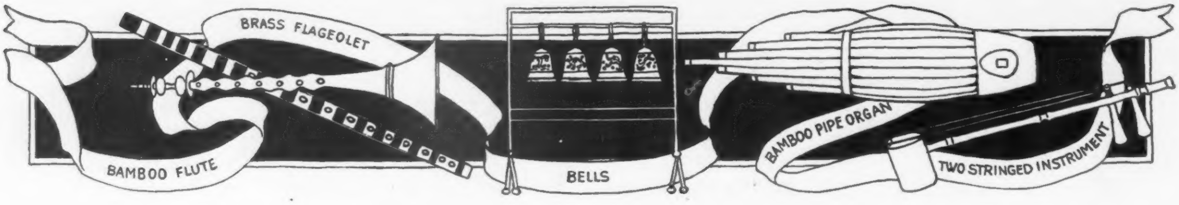
The Princess on the Glass Hill Puzzle—

Find the Two Elder Brothers and the King

By Helen Hudson





The Music of Old China

By Henry Purmort Eames

*Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecturer-Recitalist; Ex-president of the Society of American Musicians.
Late of the Piano Faculty, American Conservatory, Chicago, and now Professor of
Musical Art and Aesthetics at Scripps College Claremont, California*

SINCE I have been living in California, the Orient, and especially China and Japan, have become more and more interesting to me. I suppose it is because I am hearing more direct news from these countries, and because I am meeting so many interesting and interested students from many of the cities which we call, rather carelessly, I fear, Oriental cities.

One sees, too, so many beautiful things that have come from China. I wonder if the Chinese can make anything that is not really beautiful in either line or color? Even their simplest tools seem to have graceful curves. I am sure you must have seen some of the lovely Chinese porcelain. Perhaps Mother serves Chinese tea in her Chinese tea set, and perhaps she has rice cakes with the *clear* tea. That custom would not suit me. I am sort of old-fashioned. I take my tea with cream and sugar.

Perhaps, too, in your home you have one or two of the beautiful Chinese prints, so different from European pictures. They are so full of charm and exquisite coloring that we never tire of looking at them and studying the delicate lines.

The more we understand and learn about a nation, the better we like its people, and through using my eyes and ears I have come to like the Chinese people thoroughly. I know you will like them when you learn more about the things that they love and enjoy.

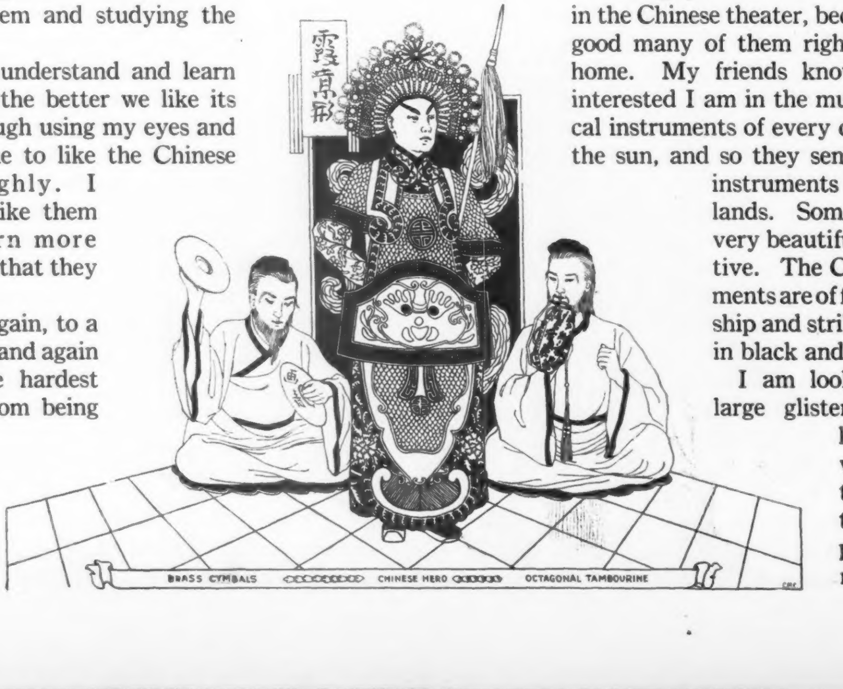
I have been, again, to a Chinese theater, and again I have had the hardest work to keep from being rude in laughing at the weird and funny sounds that come from singers and orchestra. It is a riot of noise! And yet, do you know, that if anyone (and especially if that one knows anything about music) will listen carefully and try not to hear the noisiest instruments—the drums, gongs and bells—he will find that there is a very definite scale and plan on which that music is built, just as there is in the music of our part of the world.

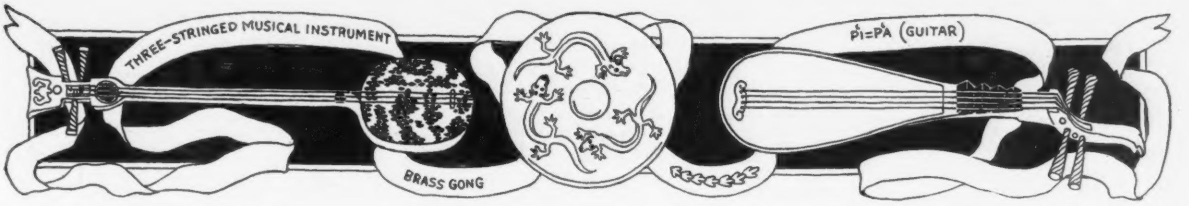
You know the Chinese dramas are very long. They last many hours, and if they are not finished in one evening's performance of seven hours, they are continued the next day from the point where the story was broken off the night before.

The orchestra sits in an alcove at the side or back of the stage and accompanies the play from start to finish. There are eight or ten musicians, and from their unfamiliar instruments come twangings and bangings, squeaks and squawks, more or less bound together by the monotonous beating of the drums.

I don't have to depend entirely upon my memory in telling you about the instruments in the Chinese theater, because I have a good many of them right here in my home. My friends know how much interested I am in the music and musical instruments of every country under the sun, and so they send me musical instruments from foreign lands. Some of them are very beautiful and decorative. The Chinese instruments are of fine workmanship and strikingly colored in black and red and gold.

I am looking at some large glistening cymbals hanging on the wall. With us the violin is the most important instrument in the





orchestra, but with the Chinese noises, and a variety of noises, have first place, so these very cymbals play the most important role. They are called *Po* and announce the entrances and exits of the players on the stage.

One of the most interesting of the Chinese instruments is called the *Huien-chung* and looks like a bowl that has been turned over. It has raised knobs of metal on it, so placed that by striking them a rude musical scale is sounded.

Among the instruments that I have is a *Sanhsien,* a kind of guitar. It has three strings, a long neck and a small round body. This round body, covered with the skin of a snake, is the sound box directly over which the player's right hand plucks the strings.

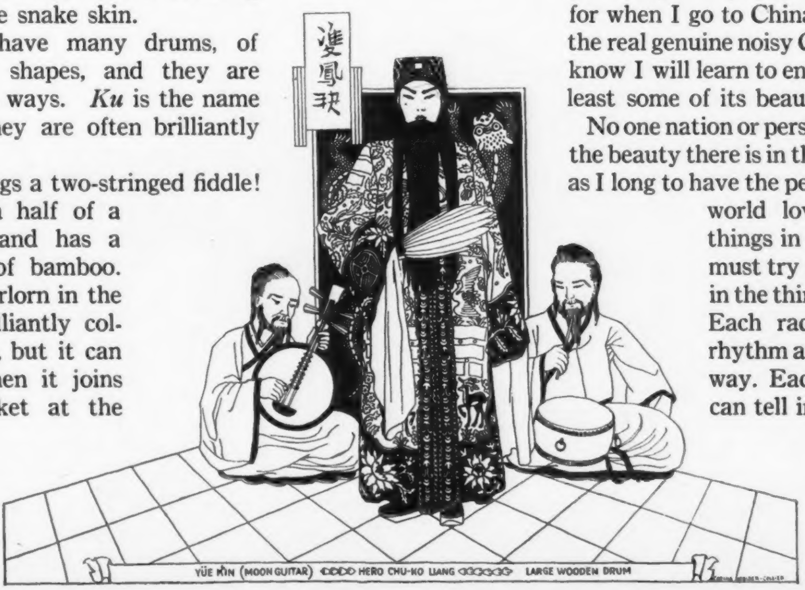
Over there hang two flutes, one of plain wood and one of wood with a glossy surface of lacquer into which are laid decorative bits of mother-of-pearl. The Chinese call the flute *Ti-tzu.*

Bells and gongs are favorite instruments with all Oriental peoples and they are made in many shapes and sizes. I have read of one *Chung* (*Chung* is the name for bell in Chinese) which weighed fifty tons. My *Chung* is small, made of brass and hangs from wooden supports. Both the bell and its supports are decorated with interesting designs.

Next comes a very prettily made instrument, a tambourine, a *Chi-sian,* with a covering of black and white snake skin.

The Chinese have many drums, of many sizes and shapes, and they are played in various ways. *Ku* is the name for them, and they are often brilliantly painted.

Over there hangs a two-stringed fiddle! It is made of a half of a cocoanut shell, and has a long thin neck of bamboo. It looks rather forlorn in the midst of the brilliantly colored instruments, but it can hold its own when it joins the general racket at the theater, for its tone is high and piercing. So it doesn't need our sympathy.



The *Sheng* is one of the most curious instruments used in China. It is shaped like a teapot and is made of a gourd into which are inserted seventeen small wooden tubes of differing lengths. The music is produced by the player putting into his mouth a side tube (which looks like the spout of the teapot) and *sucking* in his breath. Try to do that with any wind instrument you know. Every other wind instrument in the world is played by the player *blowing into* the mouthpiece. So the *Sheng* is unique among instruments, and is highly respected in China. It was from the *Sheng* that two of our modern instruments came—the harmonium and the accordion.

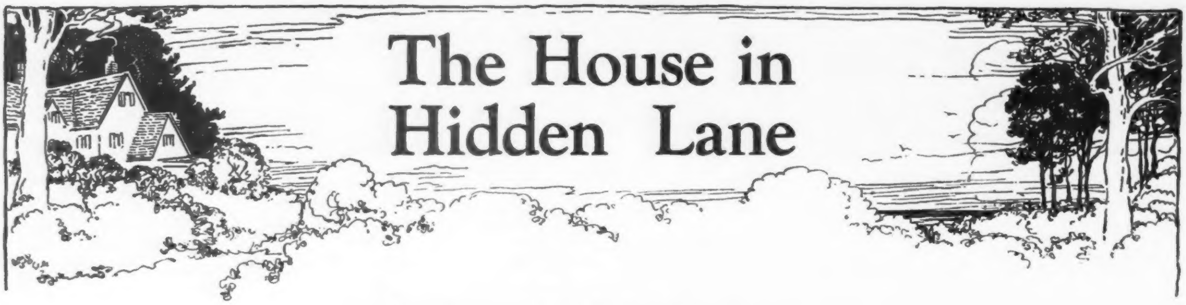
Now I have used all my space and have not told you of the beautiful costumes and the gorgeous backgrounds used in the theater, nor have I said a word about the falsetto voices of the players in the singsong of the Chinese language.

The falsetto voice effect is neither natural nor pleasant to us. It is shrill and unmusical, but all Chinese actors use this high artificial voice, and it seems to fit in well with the stilted stage gestures and actions, and rises above the orchestral din.

To-day the Chinese are learning our songs and instrumental music. Musicians from the Occident are going to China to teach and to give concerts, but I hope they won't hurry about it, for when I go to China I want to hear the real genuine noisy Chinese music. I know I will learn to enjoy it and feel at least some of its beauty.

No one nation or person can express all the beauty there is in this world, and just as I long to have the people of the whole world love the beautiful things in our country, so I must try to see the beauty in the things of other lands. Each race loves life and rhythm and tone in its own way. Each race and people can tell in its own musical language the story of its past and present.

Let's try to understand it.



The House in Hidden Lane

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

Author of "*The Secret of Tate's Beach*," "*The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes*," "*The Disappearance of Anna Shaw*," "*A Book of Mysteries*," etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

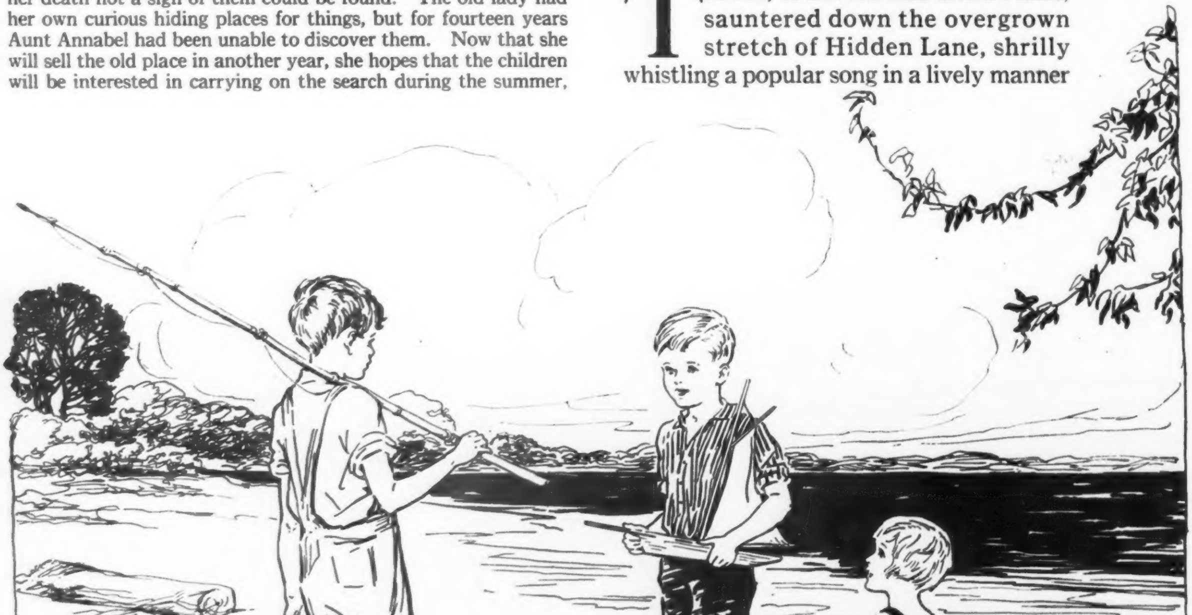
Junior and Bettina Tanner, together with their mother, Magnolia the colored maid, and their twin cousins, Lucien and Lucile Moran (more generally known as Lucky and Lulu) go to Seabranch to spend the summer in the old house, variously called "Aunt Abigail's white elephant" or the "house in Hidden Lane," because of the narrow lane overgrown with shrubbery which leads to it. The house had been willed by Great-aunt Abigail to Mrs. Moran, Junior's Aunt Annabel, on the condition that she or some other close relative occupy it for three months out of every year for fifteen years, after which time she will be free to sell it. This is the last of the fifteen years and, although they find the old house rather gloomy, they have agreed to occupy it in order that Aunt Annabel, who is spending the summer in Europe, may not lose it. Upon arriving, all of them make interesting discoveries—among them a marvelous attic, a dark and eerie loft above Magnolia's room and a curious passageway.

A letter from Aunt Annabel tells how Great-aunt Abigail had left her a collection of very worthwhile trinkets, but how after her death not a sign of them could be found. The old lady had her own curious hiding places for things, but for fourteen years Aunt Annabel had been unable to discover them. Now that she will sell the old place in another year, she hopes that the children will be interested in carrying on the search during the summer, and of course the four of them are wildly excited at the prospect. The attic, the bedroom, the cellar, a queer little loft above Magnolia's room over the kitchen and the barn yield nothing very helpful. That night Junior sees a prowler coming toward the house and hides himself in the heavy draperies of the window to see if he can discover who it is. Then just at the wrong moment he sneezes, and the figure takes fright and runs. The next day Mrs. Tanner calls on old Mrs. Lowry who had worked for Cousin Annabel, but finds her very unfriendly. Timmie, her grandson, is just as unfriendly to the boys, though he does offer to come over and play with them. That night Junior and Lucky decide to take turns watching, but much to their chagrin they fall asleep and do not awake till morning, when they find footprints on the gravel path beneath their window.

CHAPTER IV

ENTER TIMMIE

TIMMIE, of the red hair and freckles, sauntered down the overgrown stretch of Hidden Lane, shrilly whistling a popular song in a lively manner

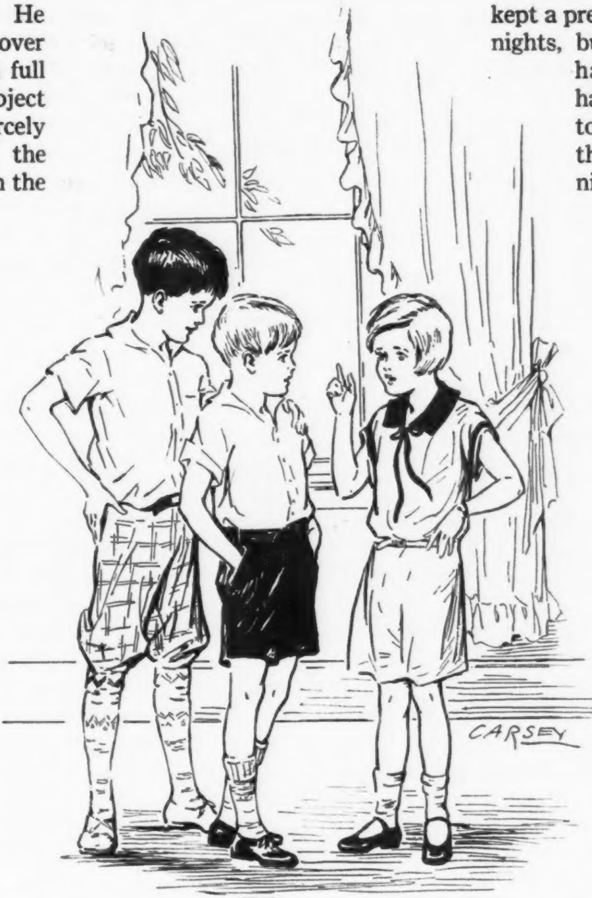


but slightly off the key. He had a fishing rod and line over his shoulder and a tin can full of bait in one hand. His object was quite plain, and scarcely needed the question of the twins when he met them on the shore, "Going fishing?"

He stopped whistling long enough to answer, "Yes!" And then, looking around, he added, "Where's that rowboat of mine?"

"Oh, is it your boat?" queried Lucky. "We didn't know it was yours. We generally play in it. Junior's got it now. He's paddling Bettina around into the next cove. They're looking for one of our little toy boats that got loose and floated away. He'll be back pretty soon."

"Well, all I say is he'd better be pretty careful where he goes in that boat!" commented Timmie, sitting down and proceeding to whittle a stick. "She's *some* leaky—nearly sank with me in her the other morning. I ain't had time to caulk her up yet for the season. But if he gets out where it's deep—and she starts to sink, believe me, he'll have to do some swimmin'!"



"Oh, that's all right! We never go more than a few feet from the shore in her," Lulu remarked reassuringly. "We promised Aunt Elizabeth we wouldn't. But, say—who *are* you, anyway?"

"This is Timmie—the one I told you about the other day!" Lucky hastily informed her. "His grandma used to work here for Aunt Abigail."

And after that conversation languished for a time. Lucky and Lulu went on with their task of making sails out of an old pillowcase for the now nearly completed boat. Timmie became absorbed in getting his rod and line in order. Presently he ventured, "That's a queer old dump—that house you're stayin' in. They say in town that it's haunted. Ever see anything queer?"

Lucky was just on the point of breaking into a description of what Junior had seen and heard for two or three nights, when he thought better of it. To begin with, Lulu knew nothing about that affair and he had promised Junior he wouldn't tell anyone for the present. A whole week had passed since their first unfortunate night of trying to watch. Since then they had managed things better and had kept a pretty regular vigil for several nights, but absolutely nothing had happened. Lucky would have been almost tempted to think Junior had dreamed the events of those earlier nights, had not he himself seen the footprints under the window that one morning. They had led nowhere else, yet there were no signs to indicate that the intruder had gotten in the window (the sill of which was above Junior's own head from the ground). How, then, he had gotten away without leaving other footprints was a mystery they had not been able to solve.

However, all he replied to Timmie was, "Ghosts are silly! There aren't any such things."

Timmie seemed visibly disappointed. Nevertheless he insisted, "Maybe you ain't seen 'em yet but you *will!* That sure is a scary old dump! They say the old lady hid her jools somewhere, 'n every night she walks around guardin' 'em!"

It was Lulu, the fiery, who retorted indignantly, "It's no such thing! That's just silly superstition. Anyway, the house isn't an old dump. It's a very nice place and belongs to my mother. And that old lady was my great-great-aunt, and you mustn't say things like that about her!"

And Timmie, to whom this outburst was evidently rather unexpected, actually blushed a fiery red under his freckles and mumbled something about being sorry and not to mind it.

It was Junior and Bettina, paddling back around into the cove, who put an end to the discussion. And Timmie, having recovered his boat and feeling somewhat abashed after what had happened, jumped aboard and sculled himself rapidly away from the spot, disappearing in an incredibly short time around a bend in the shore. Lulu informed Junior of their visitor's unmannerly remarks, with many voluble and indignant comments of her own. But Lucky said very little about it till he and Junior were by themselves that night, when he demanded to know what Junior thought of it all.

"It's all nonsense about the ghost part, of course," declared Junior stoutly. "But there's one thing about it that's curious. I didn't know anyone except Cousin Annabel knew about Aunt Abilgail having hidden those things. I wonder how *that* got around! I think we'd better tell this to Mother right away."

They tiptoed down to Mrs. Tanner who was still reading in the living room and told their story. But she only laughed at their alarm and told them not to be worried about the nocturnal visitant. "It's just some curious villager prowling about the place out of curiosity, I suppose," she declared. "They knew perfectly well Aunt Abigail was queer, and perhaps, since Mrs. Lowry used to work here, she may have seen or heard something from Aunt Abigail that made her suspicious that the old lady was hiding things. Or perhaps someone may have seen Annabel hunting around when she was here afterward, and jumped to that conclusion. You never can tell how those stories get about. As for ghosts, you know as well as I how silly all that is! So don't worry your heads any more. Keep a watch at night if you want to, but I think it would be far better to get your sleep."

Thus comforted, they betook themselves back to their room and decided to take Mrs. Tanner's advice and go to sleep without bothering to do sentry duty. They even slept through the night without waking. And then, next morning, Lulu had a shock for them. She drew them aside after breakfast, and whispered dramatically:

"There *is* something queer—I saw it last night when I got up to get a drink of water. It was one o'clock, cause I looked at my wrist watch—it's a radium one. And then—and then—I heard a tap-tap-tapping outside somewhere—'n I looked out of the window 'n there was some queer black thing down below—right near the side of the house—'n it was tap-tapping on the house with a stick or a cane—or something. I was scared as anything—but I couldn't help calling down, 'What do you want?' 'N then it just dived into the bushes 'n disappeared. 'N I was so scared I ran and got into bed 'n ducked my head under the bedclothes. 'N then I must've gone to sleep. Now what do you think of *that?*"

Junior and Lucky glanced at each other furtively and their eyes signaled a panic-stricken question. Was Lulu sincere or was she just trying to play a joke on them? If she were sincere, had she *really* seen what she said or had she only been dreaming? But it was evident to them both that Lulu was not inventing this tale. And the description fitted in so well with what Junior had already seen, that they could scarcely doubt her. There was only one new feature—this tapping with a stick. What could be the meaning of *that?* Junior suddenly decided to take Lulu into their confidence and tell her their own experience. He did so, warning her only not to tell Bettina, as she was too little and might be worried by it. And after that they all agreed that they had better go at once to Mrs. Tanner with these new developments. She heard the story with somewhat more concern than she had shown over the story of the boys. If everyone were seeing things, there must be something there to see!

"Your father is coming to-night," she said to Junior. "We'll all try to be awake around twelve or one and see who this

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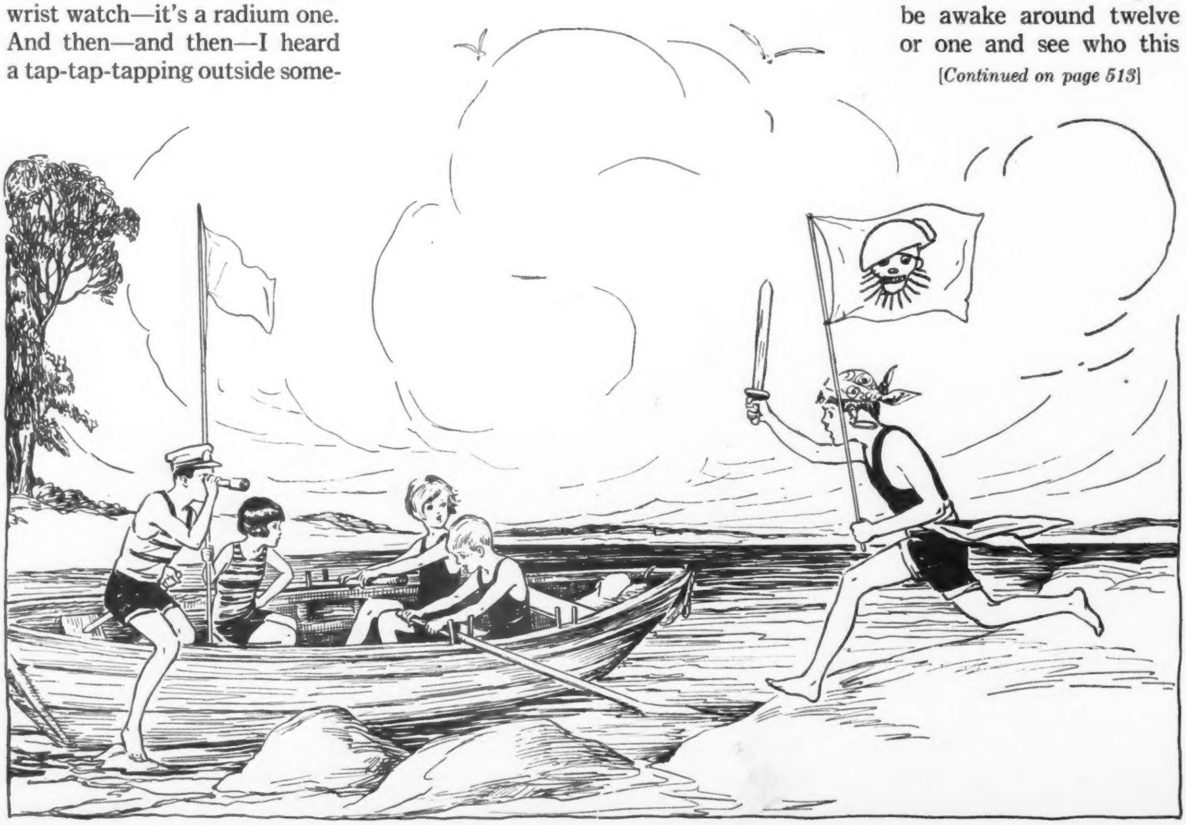


Captain Kidd of the Wilderness

By Montgomery M. Atwater

It is seldom that you can dislike anyone and respect him at the same time. But the coyote is an unusual character. Among the people of the wilderness he stands alone, the world against him and himself against the world. No one likes him and yet no one can help respecting him.

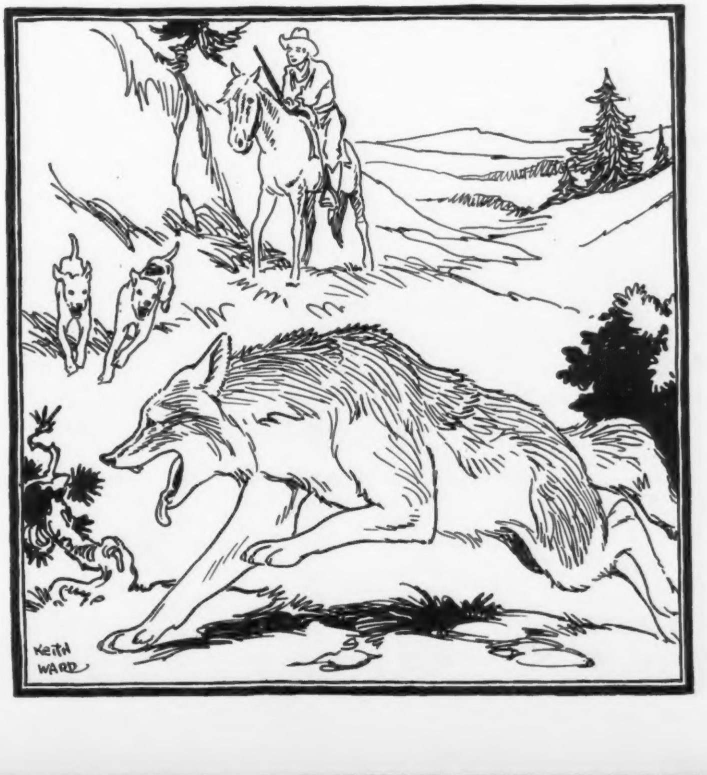
I meet Captain Kidd of the Wilderness, as I call him, quite frequently. Perhaps you will be interested in what little I have found out about him from these meetings.

The coyote is a smaller cousin of the wolf. For those who have never seen one, he looks a great deal like a small-sized German police dog. His coat is a little lighter in color, his nose is sharper, and his tail is bushier; but at a distance it is hard to tell one from the other. That bushy tail, by the way, is the coyote's muffler. In winter he uses it to protect his nose and feet from the cold when he goes to sleep.

His name is pronounced "ki-yot," although in the West we often pronounce the final "e" as the Spaniards do. It was the Spaniards who gave the coyote his name originally.

Everyone has read or heard that the coyote is a cowardly animal. It is not hard to see how that "coward" story came to be believed. Here is an actual example of how it might happen. One day last summer I was riding in the mountains. As my horse reached the top of a ridge, what should I see trotting along a hundred yards or so distant but a big, gray coyote? I stopped and looked. So did my two dogs. So did Captain Kidd. After a moment the dogs started full speed towards him.

Everyone who knows anything about the wilderness knows that one ordinary dog, or two ordinary dogs, are no match for one ordinary coyote. Yet this one ran as fast as he could and disappeared into the timber, while the dogs came back to me, looking very proud of themselves.



It certainly looked as though that coyote had played the coward. But I knew better. He wasn't running away from my dogs. He was running away from a long, black sort of crooked stick which I pulled from a leather scabbard tied to my saddle. Captain Kidd of the Wilderness knows all about a rifle and what it can do. Put yourself in his place. Would you stop to teach a pair of dogs their manners, or would you get behind the nearest tree? And if you chose to get behind the tree, would you be a coward?

Almost any wild animal you can name will stop and stare long enough for a man to get out his rifle and take a shot. Only the coyote has learned never to stay in plain sight of a man with a crooked stick in his hand. He is the most intelligent of all wilderness creatures. And intelligence is worthy of respect, wherever you find it.

In all my dealings with this buccaneer of the mountains and plains I have never found him to be either a coward or a fool. Captain Kidd is a good name for him. We think of a pirate as a fierce ruffian with knives and pistols

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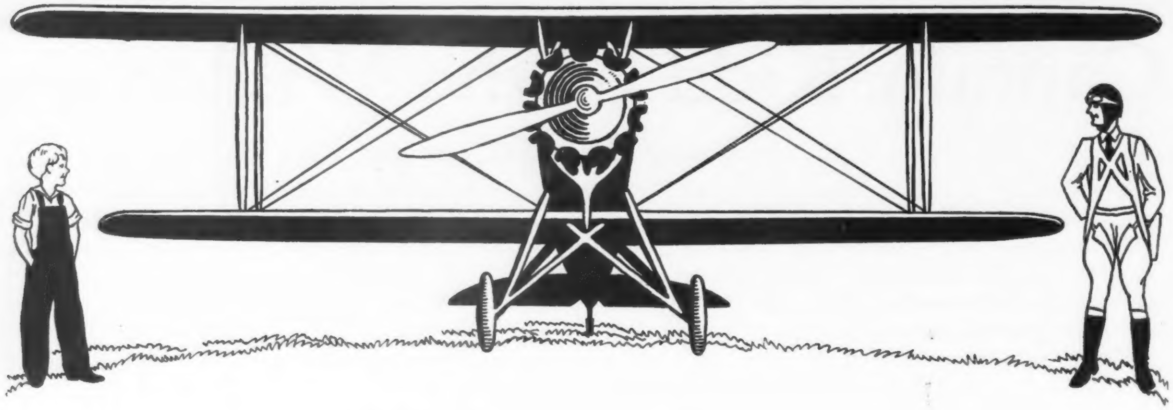


An Airplane Stowaway

By Harriet Bunn

OLAF BERGLUND lived in a boarding house on the flats as much as he could be said to live anywhere. His father worked at itinerant jobs, or none at all. Since the death of Olaf's mother Mr. Berglund had been restless, unable to stay in one place long.

Olaf at ten years old was shrewder than some boys twice his age. A fellow had to look sharp, when no one else looked after him much. Mr. Berglund knew that his son had three meals a day and a bed to sleep in, but never asked his opinion when moving time came.

But now that his father had a job with the gang that was draining the flats, things ran smoother than they had. Olaf was happy for the first time since his mother had died. The men were draining the flats to make a landing for airplanes. Every day at noon Olaf brought down his father's dinner. It was fascinating to watch the big steam shovel heave sand from the river, chew it a while and drop it in the swamp.

Airplanes and everything connected with them thrilled Olie. Somehow those mysterious, graceful shapes that he had only seen from a distance seemed part of heaven, part of that distant place where Mother had gone.

Some day he would see one close to, ride in one, even fly one maybe. Meanwhile he made them out of wood and studied them in magazines. He knew the difference between a monoplane and a biplane and that the great tin shed the men had built was called a hangar. Every night he besieged his father with questions. When were the planes coming? How many were there? What made them stay in the air?

One noon when Olaf appeared with dinner, he saw that posts had been pounded around the field about six feet apart. While he approached, the men strung an iron chain from post to post. He slipped under the chain just as a newcomer issued from the little office beside the hangar, bristling with authority.

"No one allowed inside, youngster," he said.

Olaf was suddenly conscious of his overalls and the tin pail. "But my father—why every day—long before—" But his stammered attempt at an explanation was cut short by a hum in the air like the hum of a swarm of bees.

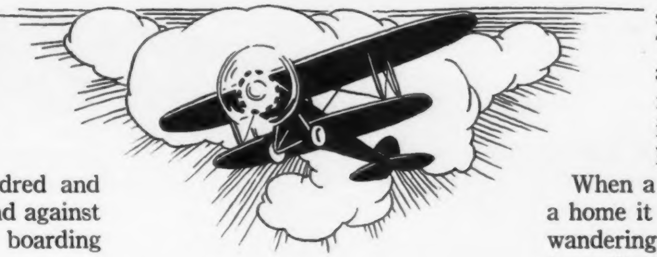
At the same moment a car steamed up to the edge of the flying field. Two men jumped out. One busied himself setting up a large camera. The other scanned the sky. "There it comes," he cried. Olaf's eyes followed his. The hum grew louder and the boy saw a large bird moving rapidly toward them.

But was it a bird? The workmen dropped their shovels. The hum had become a roar that filled the air, and Olaf saw that the great winged creature darkening the sun was an airplane.

The plane touched ground and rolled across the cindered road toward them. It had wheels as well as wings and a little cabin, inside of which sat a man who turned the steering wheel. It came suddenly to a stop beside them, the propeller still whirling.

Everybody surrounded the plane. The air was a jumble of shouts and questions. "Where's the mail? Great day for the city! How long did it take you? Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The pilot smiled behind his goggles. "Let me out. The mail's under the seat. This is going to happen every day from now on. So calm down." He pushed open the little door, and as he stepped out Olaf saw that he was young and tall and debonair, with a smile that won the boy's heart.



"I want a bath and a shave, and then we'll talk things over." The young pilot stretched. "Made it from Chicago in two hours and a half. Not so bad, three hundred and sixty miles, with the wind against me. Anybody know a boarding house round here?"

"Oh, please, sir, I do." Olaf did not know he had spoken until all eyes turned from the plane to him.

"All right, young man," said the pilot. "Can you give a hand with my bags?"

"Oh, yes, sir." Olaf would have taken them both, but the pilot laughingly stopped him, and with a "See you later," to the surprised crowd, followed Olaf from the field.

"I hope there's some dinner left," said the boy as they walked along together.

"Do you live there, too? That's nice. Think your landlady'll take me? And will you show me all the ropes?"

His guide was too overcome by the crowding events of the morning to do more than nod. Perhaps the boarding house would not be grand enough for this wonderful person who had dropped from the sky to be his friend.

"My name's Peter, Peter Swift. What shall I call you?" The young pilot seemed bent on cementing a friendship.

"They call me Olie mostly, sir."

The airplane pilot engaged a room opposite the one where Olie and his father lived. Every other morning he flew to Chicago and back that same afternoon. Olaf saw him every day. Peter Swift filled the empty place in his heart. When the plane left in the early morning he was at the field to wave good-by, and in the afternoon he watched it come in.

There was only one flaw in the happiness of the days. Father had not let him start school. If he did not start school, it meant the Berglunds were soon to move on again. The airport was finished, and Mr. Berglund sat moodily on the boarding-house steps for hours at a time.

When a fellow had friends and a home it was a mistake to start wandering again. Olie would have liked to talk to Peter Swift about it, but loyalty to his father checked him. He hoped against hope that Father would find something else to do.

It began to get cold. Darkness fell earlier each day. Peter Swift's homing plane carried lights now, and at the airport men scanned the clouds for snow. Enormous skis had arrived from the factory, and Olaf learned they were to replace the wheels used for landing when winter set in.

Mr. Berglund began to pore over maps and time tables. Olie gathered together all his courage for a talk with Peter. Peter knew the way out of so many difficulties, perhaps he could point a path. All sorts of perhapses lighted the boy's mind, when he thought of Peter.

But on the evening when he finally screwed his courage to the sticking point, Peter was in bed.

"Better run along, Olie. I'm tired. Think I'll rest up before the trip to-morrow."

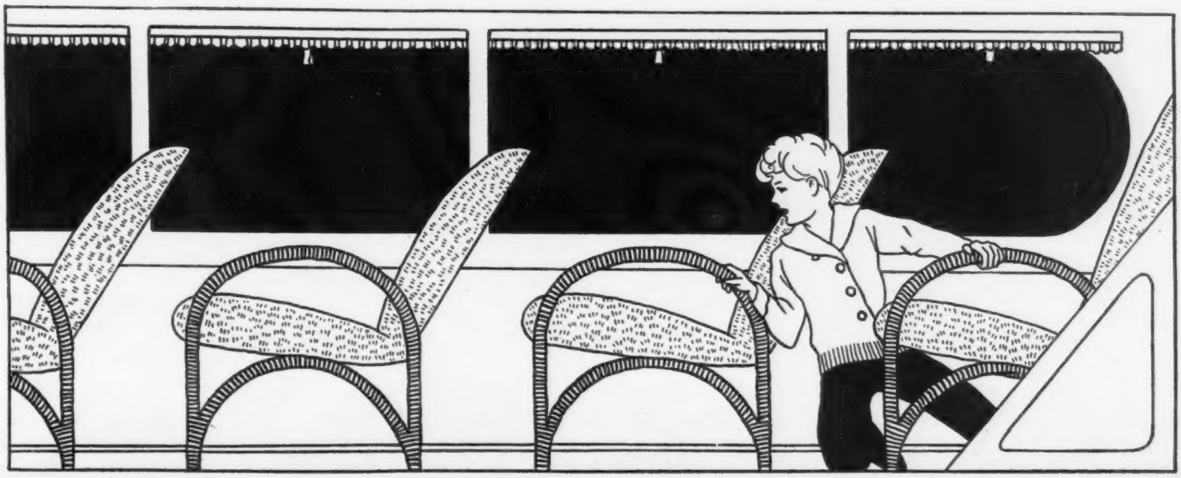
Next morning, as fate would have it, the pilot overslept and Olie had to bang on the door to rouse him. It was too late for confidences. There was only time to help him off.

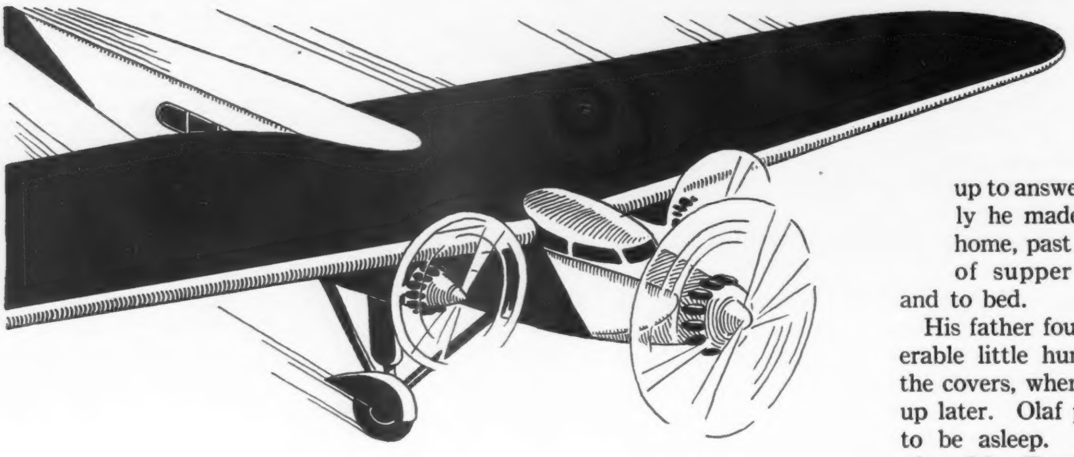
But Father's morning greeting brought Olie's mind forcibly back to his own troubles. "Pack your stuff, boy. It's time to move."

"But, Father, I can't go without saying good-by to Peter." There was such despair in his son's voice that even Mr. Berglund felt it.

"I vait 'til to-morrow, Olie boy."

If Father hadn't been so decent, it really would have been easier, Olie thought. It made his knees weak to think of leaving Peter and all the pleasant





excitement of the airport. Why, he hadn't even been up in a plane yet. And Peter needed him. He shined the pilot's big leather boots and brought up his hot water every morning. Everyone wanted to do things for Peter, though. Olie knew lots of boys who would like the job. And poor old Father had no one else to look after him.

That was the longest day of Olaf Berglund's life, and when the autumn twilight sifted down he was as puzzled as ever. All his hopes resolved on Peter and he started down to meet him. The mail was due, but a dark cloud rose out of the east where Peter's plane should have been.

The boy wandered miserably around the field in the gloaming. For a moment he was attracted by a large new monoplane that stood haughtily aloof, in a hangar of its own. It was all of aluminum and its glittering body caught the last rays of light. How like a bird it looked with one pair of shining wings. Olie stroked it with a reverent finger.

The man in the office who had once tried to send him home beckoned. Everyone at the field knew and liked the boy. "Are you waiting for the mail plane? It's not coming."

"Not coming?" Olie repeated the words stupidly, only half understanding them. Peter's plane was as regular as the sun.

"No. He never should have left this morning. They telephoned from Chicago that he had a crash. Nut loosened, wheel fell off, and when he landed he cracked up and broke his arm."

Olaf's eyes filled with tears.

"Don't you worry, young fellow. He'll be back in a month anyway."

A month? Why, even a day might be too late! Olaf turned toward the gate, unable to hold back the tears.

The office man tried to console him. "Come down at nine to-morrow and I'll let you get into the new plane."

Olie was too choked up to answer. Blindly he made his way home, past the smell of supper cooking and to bed.

His father found a miserable little hump under the covers, when he came up later. Olaf pretended to be asleep. But long after Mr. Berglund had gone to bed he tossed sleeplessly, unable to forget his disappointment.

Suddenly an idea came to him. Perhaps an older person would have suspected that such a brilliant plan, conceived in the middle of the night, might not prove practical. But Olie sat up to work it out.

With the first rays of light he crept out of bed and dressed. Only one detail of his adventure bothered him. He must let Father know—but not too soon. He finally decided to slip a letter into the porch mail box. The postman never came before nine.

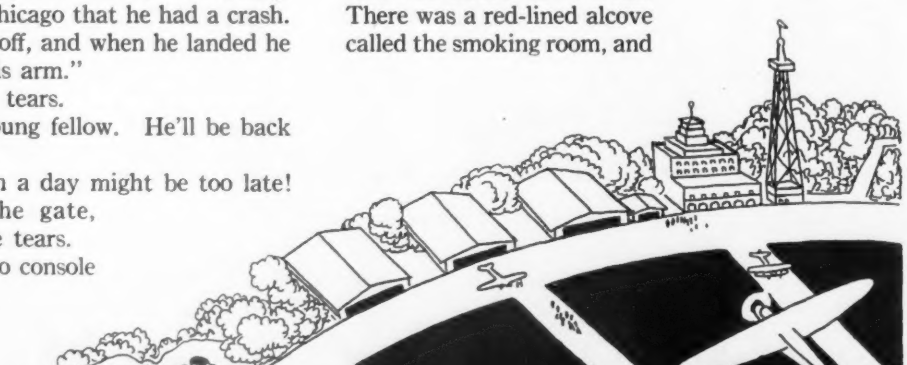
"Dear Father, I've gone to ask Peter if he knows a job for us here." More he dared not say. With the letter in his hand, he opened the bedroom door and tiptoed downstairs.

Early breakfast at the boarding house was a cold affair of bread and butter and dry cereal, which had been laid out the night before. But Olie made the most of it. Then he pulled his cap well down over his eyes and let himself out of the house.

When he reached the airport the big monoplane had been pushed out of the hangar. The office man was inside, flourishing a duster.

"Come in and take a look," he said.

Olie climbed in and looked around. Never had he seen such a trim cabin. Twelve big wicker chairs were hooked into the floor. The pilot's seat was closed off in front. There was a red-lined alcove called the smoking room, and



in back of that was a sure enough bathroom.

Two automobile loads of people drove up just then and the office man hastened out to meet them. "Finish the dusting for me and don't touch the controls," he called back.

Olaf watched from the window. The passengers presented their tickets. The office man and spectators studied a rail of fleecy clouds. The telephone rang and the office man excused himself. "It's probably the weather report. I'll be right back."

That was the moment Olie had been waiting for. He rolled up in a ball under one of the wide seats that lined the smoking-alcove. The color of the wall just matched his red sweater. What a piece of luck!

A moment later, the office man ushered in two passengers. They looked around admiringly. Then the lady sat down over Olaf's head, and not a minute too soon, for more passengers arrived and suitcases were stowed under the opposite seat.

The office man picked up his duster. "Where's that boy? I told him to finish this job for me."

"There's nobody here," said the lady obligingly.

"You're going to have rather bumpy flying; try to keep your seats," said the pilot, climbing into the front seat. He turned a lever, leaned out of his little window, and shouted, "Contact."

A terrific din began. The plane was warming up.

Olie began to feel as though he couldn't breathe in his dark hole. Then he felt the plane rise slowly in the air, gathering speed as it went. They were off! And suddenly, without warning, the floor became a steep hill and Olie, lurching against the legs of the lady passenger, rolled out into full view.

The legs straightened hastily and stood up. "Well, of all the—"

But the plane, still rising, careened onto its other side and threw the stowaway into the arms of the assistant pilot, who was just coming from the smoking alcove, a box of cotton in his hand.

"Why, Olaf Berglund! Where did you come from?"

"From under the seat," screamed the passenger. Everyone seemed to be talking at the tops of their lungs. Olie had never imagined anything so deafening as the roar of the motors.

"Where do you think you're going, Olie?"

"I—I'm going to see Peter. He's—"

The assistant pilot was only eighteen and he seemed to understand. He planted his new passenger in a wicker seat, gave him a wad of cotton for each ear, and wrapped a heavy coat around him.

"Enjoy yourself, little stowaway."

They were still flying over town. Turrets and telegraph poles and chimneys rose like a dead forest in the air. Now they passed the dome of the state capitol. The Mississippi River wound a silver pattern through the forest into the country. The fields below them were strips of brown and green (where winter wheat came up) and purple, as smooth as marble. Olie had a window all his own to look out of, but oddly enough looking down seemed to make his head ache.

They were out on the open prairie now, with the wind against them. Great gusts struck the plane. Olaf remembered his first ride on a pony. But it was worse than that. Sometimes he was in his seat; sometimes his seat slipped from under him and it was only by clutching tightly to the arms that he kept up any connection at all with it. Worse than that, it began to storm. Raindrops and hail pelted against the windows and wings of the plane. To Olaf's anguished ear they sounded like bullets. Thunder crashed around them, and over their heads the ceiling of cloud was alternately black and illumined with lightning.

The pilot turned his head. "Everybody keep their seats," he shouted. Down, down, down they dove, in an effort to escape the hail. They were flying so low now that Olaf could count the pumpkins and cornstalks in the fields below him. Cows and horses scattered in terror and farmers stared up at the monster casting a dark spot on the ground.

Olaf clutched the assistant pilot in front of him. "Won't we hit a flagpole or something?"

"We're trying to fly below the floor of the storm. The flagpoles will have to duck."

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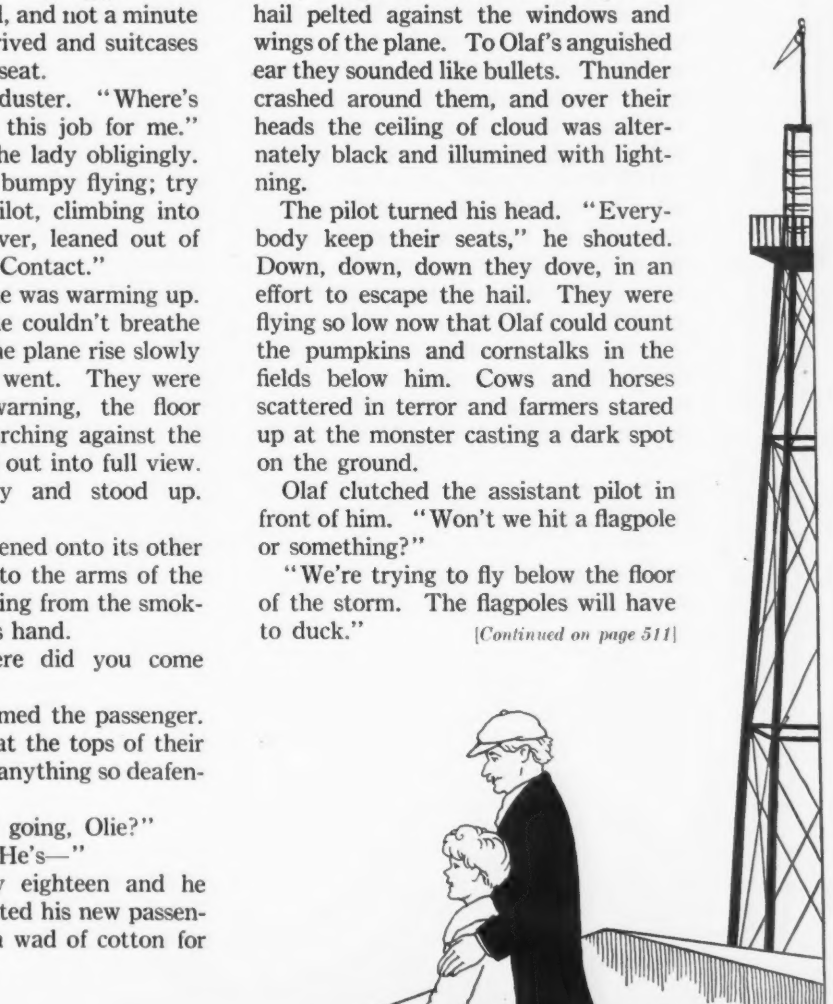
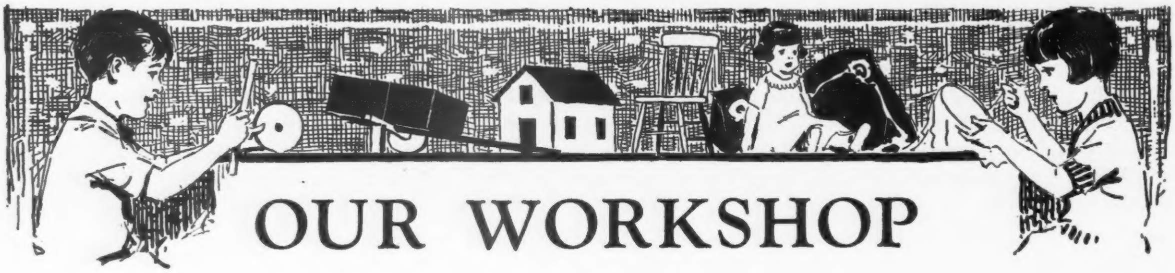




OUR WORKSHOP

A Goblin and a Ticktack for Halloween

By A. Neely Hall

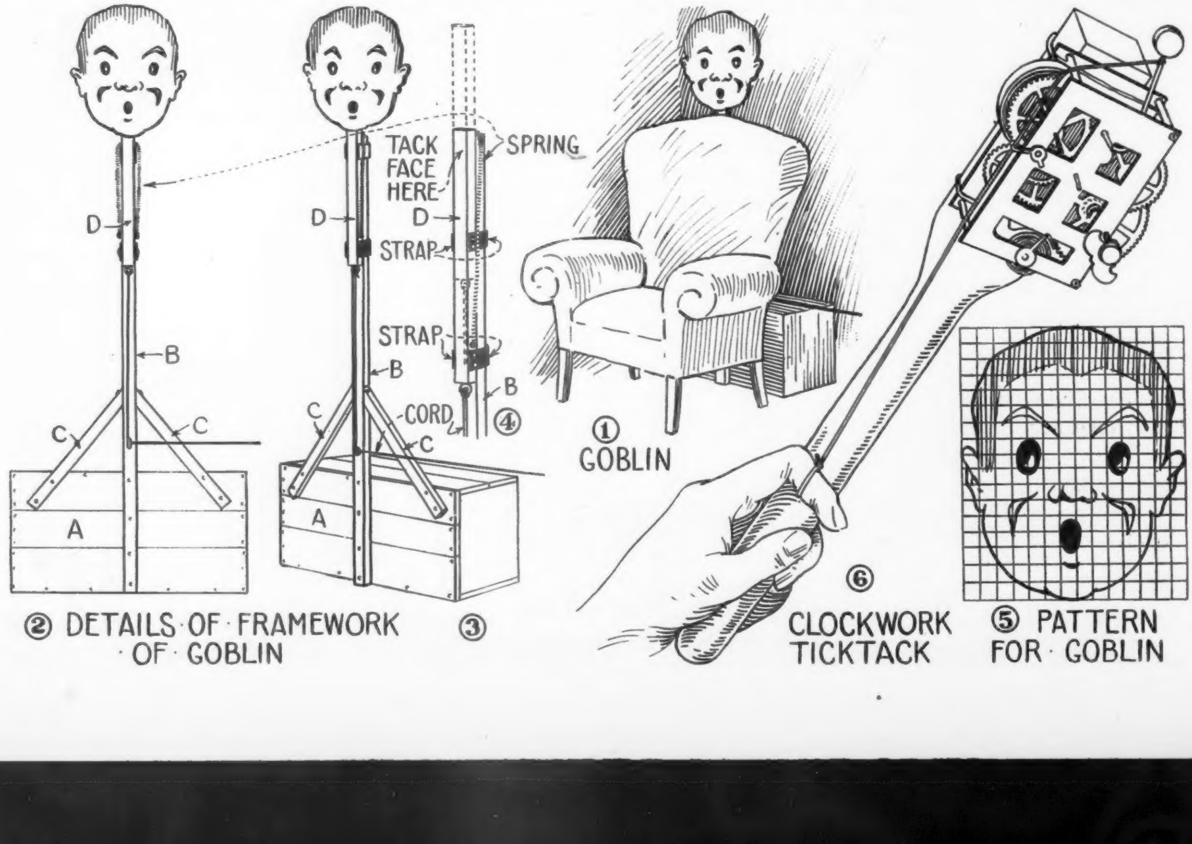
Author of *"Making Things with Tools," "Big Book of Boys' Hobbies," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys."*

RIG up the goblin shown in Figure 1, and place him behind a chair so that his head will appear over the top when your guests arrive. Or place him behind a screen, or behind a curtain stretched across a doorway, or outside a window. You may think of other ways to make him appear unexpectedly. Goblins are more likely to be around on Halloween than on other occasions. But I know a lad who keeps one in his room, right behind his dresser. This goblin is almost certain to appear when anyone enters the room, provided that the boy is at hand to perform the necessary magic. Maybe, you, too, will want a goblin for a roommate.

Figures 2, 3, and 4 show details of the goblin. The head is of cardboard. Figure 5 is a pattern, with lines ruled across it to help you enlarge the picture to the size wanted. Prepare a similar set of squares, by ruling horizontal and vertical lines with a spacing of ½ inch. When you have prepared the squares, it will be easy to copy the face, by drawing the curved lines across the squares just as they are shown on the pattern squares. When you have drawn the face, cut it out, paint it flesh color, and indicate the features in black.

You can save the work of preparing the face, by using a false face. You will find a good selection of false faces in the stores at this time.

The support for the goblin requires a box (A, Figures 2 and 3), a vertical stick (B), two braces (C), a neck stick (D), a curtain spiral spring, two straps, a pair of screw eyes and a piece of strong cord. Almost any sticks that you find will do for sticks B, C and D. The length of B should be about 1 inch shorter than the height of the chair, screen, or other object behind which the goblin is to be placed. Sticks C should be about 12 inches long, and stick D about 24 inches long. [Continued on page 509]



① GOBLIN

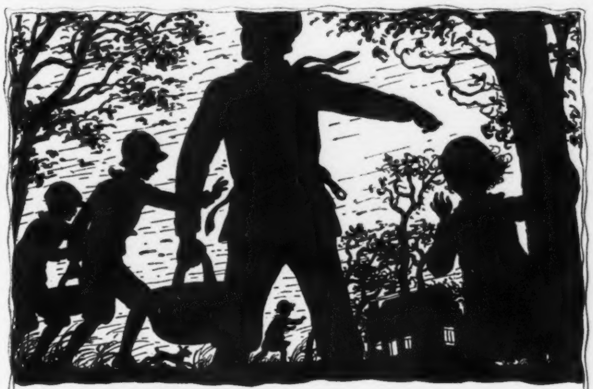
② DETAILS OF FRAMEWORK OF GOBLIN ③

⑥ CLOCKWORK TICKTACK

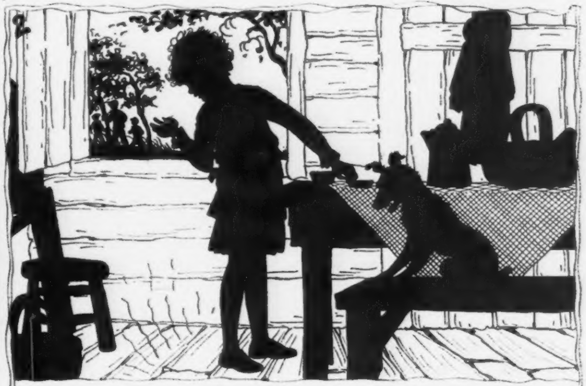
⑤ PATTERN FOR GOBLIN

CHIP'S CHUMS

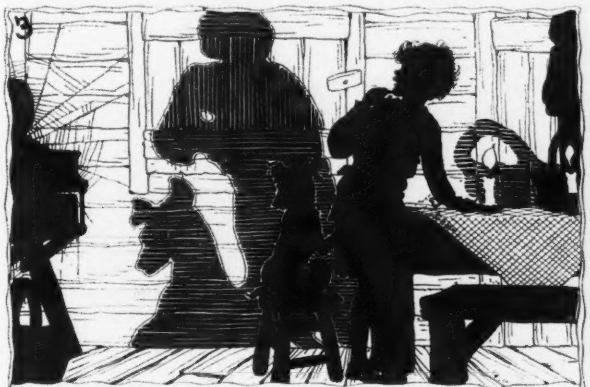
BY MARJORIE BARROWS



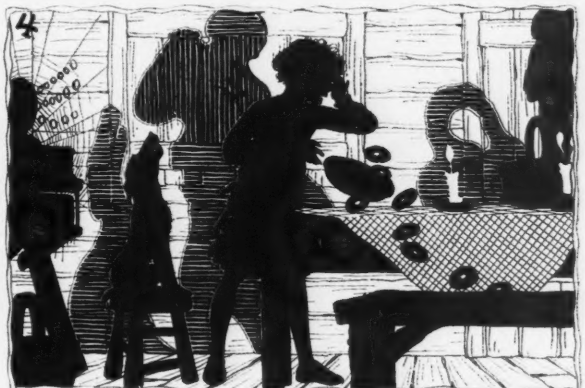
Ted's dad, Chip and his chums went nutting. Towards lunch time a storm came up and they hurried to the old cabin which Betsy Ann said looked haunted.



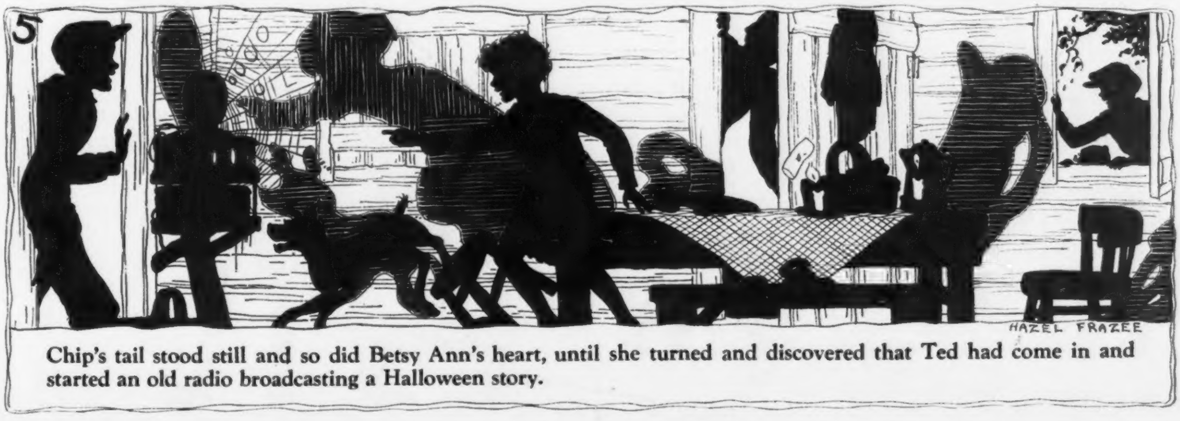
Betsy Ann and Chip were left inside to prepare the lunch while the others hurried to gather firewood. Everything was still except a creaky floor.



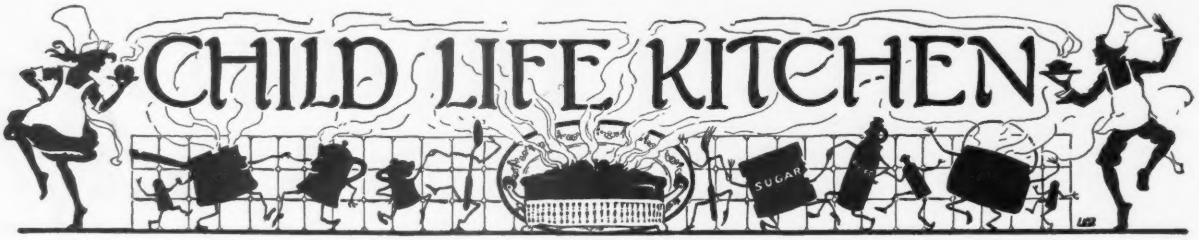
It grew dark so our cook lighted candles and, oh, what long creepy shadows they cast over everything! And the stillness grew stiller.



Suddenly Chip threw back his ears and began to howl as a ghostly voice behind them muttered, "Ooooo! Ooooo! I'll ha-unt you forever!"



Chip's tail stood still and so did Betsy Ann's heart, until she turned and discovered that Ted had come in and started an old radio broadcasting a Halloween story.



BANANA FONDUE

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of *"Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors,"* etc.

AFTER all the jolly picnics we have had, we promised ourselves we should try a baking lesson for October—so here we are with one of the best recipes we know. Do you remember the lesson on muffins we had last spring and the fun we had changing it a bit to make different dishes? Of course you do. Our lesson this month is the same sort of a recipe. We shall learn it as a banana fondue—a kind of pudding—but we shall also see that by changing one ingredient, we can make another pudding or several different main dishes for luncheon or supper!

Fondues may be baked either in large baking dishes and served directly from the dish at the table or they may be baked in individual dishes and served on the individual plates. In either case, the fondue is served from the dish in which it is baked. We like to use glass baking dishes and usually we bake a dessert fondue in individual dishes and the cheese or ham fondues in a large dish, but you can do as you like about that.

For making a fondue (which we think is more than a glorified bread pudding) you will need, in addition to the baking dishes we have spoken of, a double boiler for scalding milk, an egg beater and bowl and the usual measuring cups and spoons. For supplies you will need butter, 3 eggs, milk, salt, bread, sugar and bananas. Some cooks crumb the bread but we are particular to cut it into tiny cubes. The texture of the fondue is much nicer when made with cubes and it looks more interesting. Also we like to cut cubes. The bread should be dry—a two-days-old loaf is good—but it should not be *so* dry that it pops over into a corner when you attempt to cut it up! We cut about ½-inch cubes and try to make them as uniform in size as we can.

BANANA FONDUE

Scald 1 cupful of milk in the double boiler. This means bring just to boiling point, but not actually boiling.

While it is heating, separate the eggs and beat the yolks till creamy.

Beat the white till stiff.

Cut dry bread into cubes and measure 1 cupful.

Cut fine enough bananas to make 1 cupful and measure ½ cupful of sugar.

Butter individual baking dishes. This recipe will serve four to six persons, depending on the size of the dishes. Remember we butter dishes by dipping white paper into a small bowl of melted butter and painting it over the inside of each dish. If you use a large baking dish, it should be buttered just the same way.

When the milk is scalding hot add ½ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful butter
1 cupful bread cubes
3 well beaten egg yolks
½ cupful sugar

Stir gently and cook till the eggs thicken, which will be 8 to 10 minutes.

Cool for ten minutes. (During this time the egg whites could be beaten, if you like.)

Add 1 cupful of bananas cut finely. Stir in very gently.

Add the 3 beaten egg whites by folding in very gently and briefly.

Pour into the buttered baking cups which you have arranged on a cookie pan.

Bake in a moderate oven (375) for 25 minutes. If the fondue is baked in one large baking dish the baking time is forty minutes.

Serve plain or with **Hard Sauce** made by beating together
1 cupful confectioner's sugar
1 tablespoonful cream
2 tablespoonfuls butter

DATE FONDUE

Make a fondue using the banana fondue recipe exactly as given, except **omit the bananas.** Bake ahead of time and cool for half an hour.

Beat till stiff two egg whites and add 2 tablespoonfuls sugar. Beat again for one minute.

Seed and cut enough dates and arrange the slices neatly over the top of the partly cooled pudding.

Cover immediately with the beaten egg mixture. Smooth neatly and prettily, making sure that the pudding and bananas are completely covered.

[*Continued on page 517*]

BETTINA BELMONT

SIX YOUNG PERSONS OF IMPORTANCE

© 1930, The C. of W. Corp.

ELLA WIDENER

JOHN ASPINWALL ROOSEVELT

ANTOINETTE AND MARY PINCHOT

ELIZABETH STUYVESANT FISH

growing up well and strong with this little care so many mothers give

Six little lucky ones! Names that are powers in Philadelphia, Washington, Newport, New York—in Virginia, and in California.

But it takes more than family prestige and an inheritance of wealth and position, to produce such sturdy, rosy youngsters. It takes a very definite health régime—and strict adherence to it.

When we asked about health programs, the answers varied slightly, though in the main they were alike. The mothers of these children believe in simple schedules, regularity, careful supervision of exercise and diet.

But on one point there was no variance. That was the matter of a *hot, cooked* cereal. The roll call was complete. They *all* eat Cream of Wheat, the children's own cereal.

In each case the choice was at the recommendation of a distinguished child specialist. For thirty-four years this advice has been given. Physicians have long known the value of Cream of Wheat as a food for children.

They tell mothers to start their babies out on Cream of Wheat, to keep it up during the exacting school years. First, because Cream of Wheat is exceptionally rich in energy. Second, because it is amazingly easy to digest.

Let your children have this simple advantage—the right start at the breakfast table. *Cream of Wheat costs less than one cent a serving.* Give them good hot bowls of it regularly.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

TUNE IN on Cream of Wheat Radio Program weekday mornings at 7:45. Stations *WJZ, WBZ-A, KDKA, WHAM, WLW, WJR, WLS.* Starting Sept. 29, also *KSTP, WREN, KFAB, KWK.*

CREAM OF WHEAT

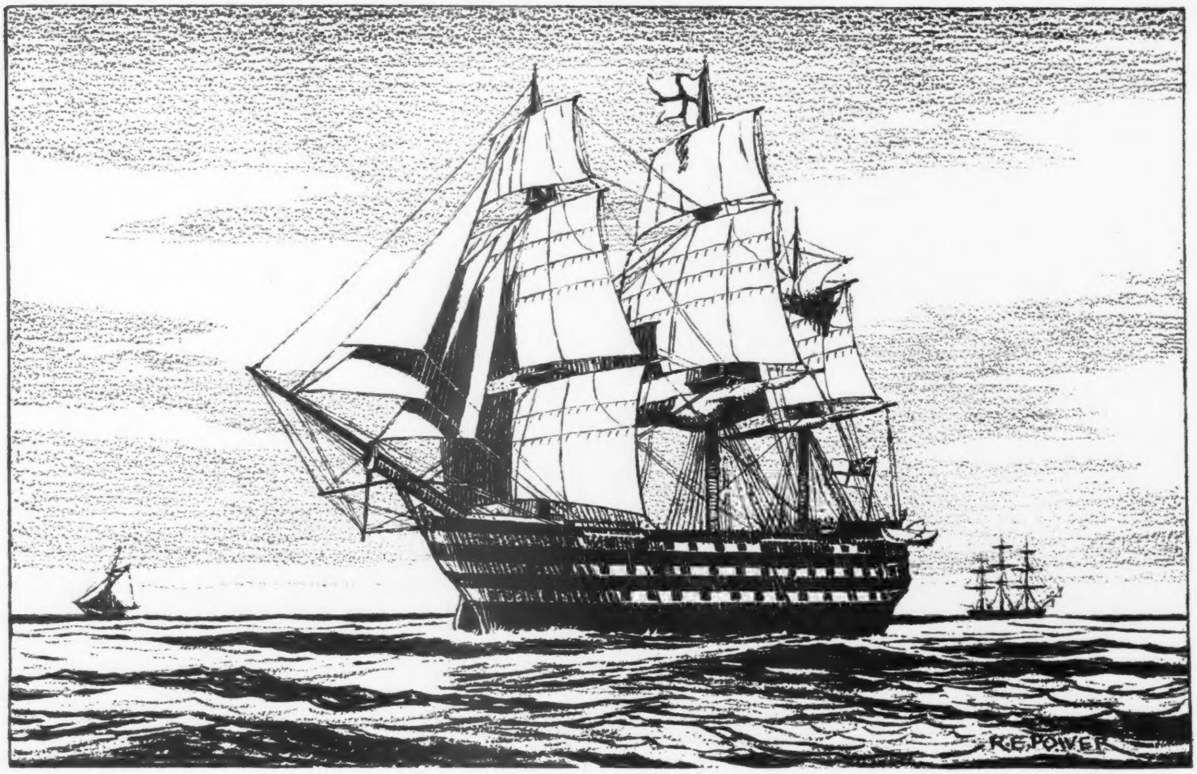
FREE—a wonderful child's game

All children love the H. C. B. Club with a secret meaning. It makes a jolly game of their morning cereal. All the wonder-working material free—badges, gold stars, and big new posters with stirring color pictures of childhood heroes—Joan of Arc, Roland and Oliver, Richard the Lion Hearted. We will also send valuable child health booklet. Mail this coupon to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. R-34, Minneapolis, Minn.

Child's Name..

Address..

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here ☐



SAILING SHIPS

English Three Decker

By Ralph E. Power

HERE we have in our series of sailing ships one of the grand old ships of the eighteenth century. This old timer, the Victory, was built in England in 1765. She occupies a prominent place in the affections of the English, something like our famous Constitution with her glorious record in our country.

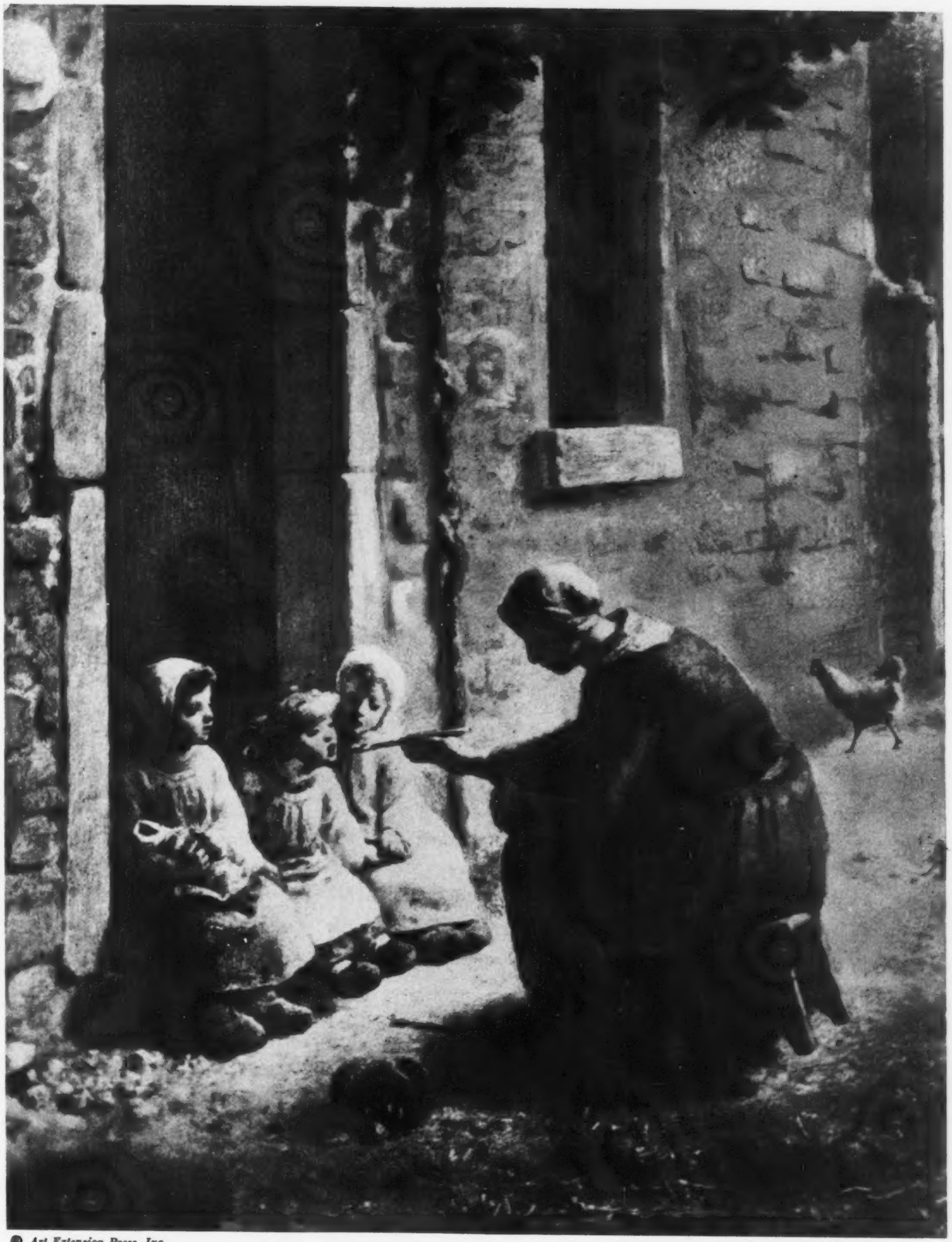
The Victory was a dreadnaught in her day. Intense rivalry among the nations caused them to try to outdo each other, with the result that there were many such ships in the navies of England, France and Spain. Holland, too, had a fine navy. Nelson's Victory she is often called, because Lord Horatio Nelson, the great English admiral, commanded her. As his flagship she led the whole fleet in the historic sea battle of Trafalgar, on October 21, 1805, against the combined fleets of the French and Spanish, in which the English were victorious.

She is still afloat in Portsmouth harbor in England, a shrine for sailors and admirers of ships. With a length of 186 feet and 52 feet wide—or beam, as sailors say—her straight lines, lofty masts and different looking sails, she shows strikingly the development of ship-building since the galleons. You will notice her three jib sails, the triangular sails stretched from her fore-mast to her jib-boom. Such sails had not been invented when the galleons sailed the seas in the sixteenth century.

The Victory was rated at 2162 tons. She carried 100 cannon and a crew of about 100 men. Those were the days of "Wooden Ships and Iron Men." Now we have battleships fifteen times heavier than the Victory and carrying guns many times more powerful.

History probably seems to be made up mostly of one war after another, and so it was. The nations were at it a good deal of the time. But, gradually, it is dawning in the minds of men that war is altogether too destructive and should not be resorted to, except when all peaceable means have been tried to settle arguments. Let us hope that our modern battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines will never again let loose their dreadful wrath!

(*The next ship in this series will be "Constitution"*)



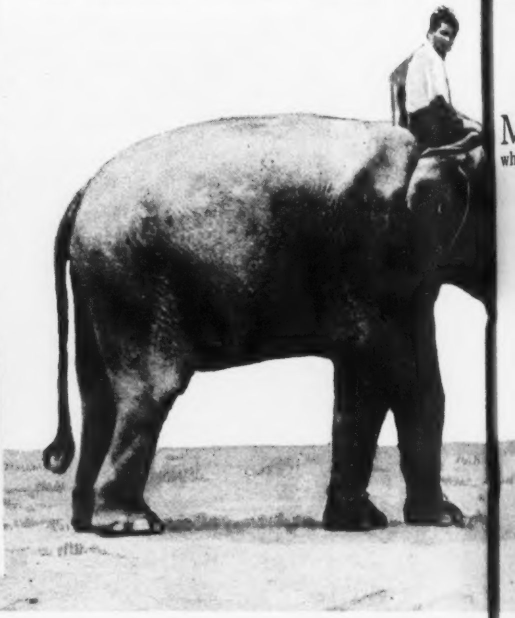
© Art Extension Press, Inc.

Feeding Her Birds (*Millet*)

(*See page 504*)

Animal Yo

● World Wide Photos.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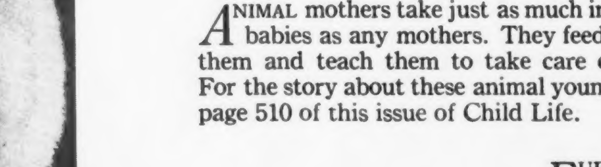
"GRRR!" growls Mother proudly while Baby puts his best foot forward and takes his first steps. "It's a bear!"

ANIMAL mothers take just as much interest in the babies as any mothers. They feed them, prote them and teach them to take care of themselve For the story about these animal youngsters, turn t page 510 of this issue of Child Life.

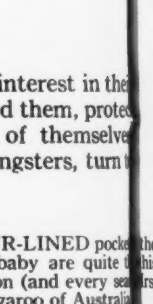
● Herbert Photos, Inc.

POLAR bears wear white to match the ice and snow of their polar home. Then the other polar animals can hardly see them.

YES, this two-humped camel of western Asia is all puffed up over her one-day-old son who weighs just ninety pounds.



FUR-LINED pocke baby are quite season (and every sea Kangaroo of Australia


● Herbert Ph

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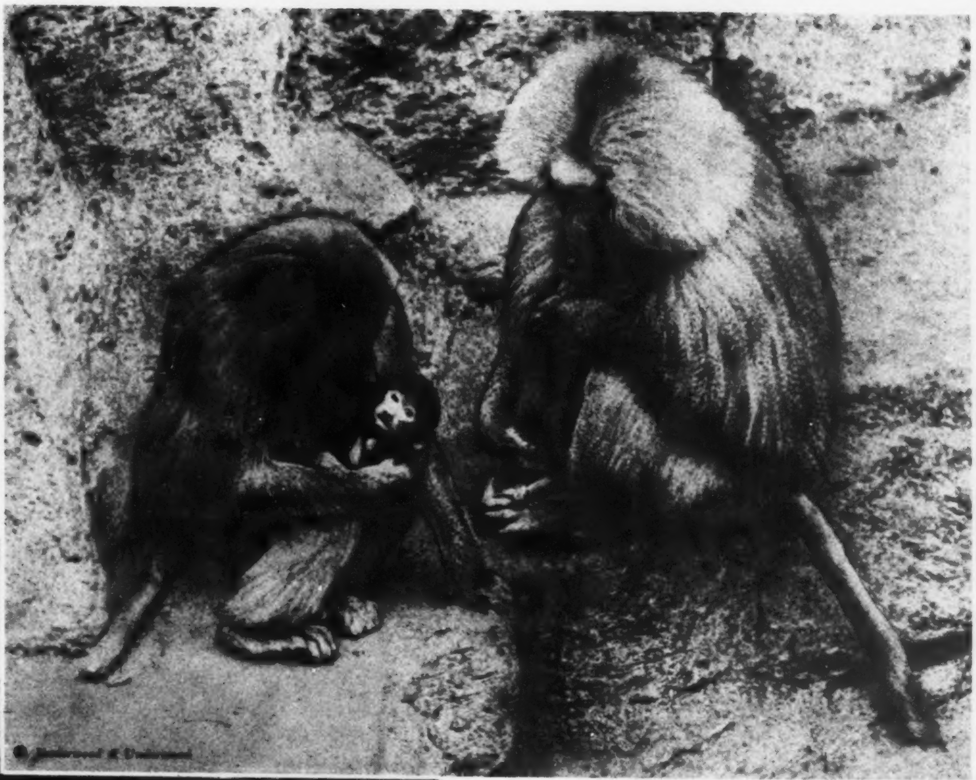
MRS. Elephant keeps sonny boy close at hand (or foot) when she ventures out in Siam.

● William Thompson


● Underwood & Underwood

"HE looks like me!" both Mother and Father are thinking of this little sacred baboon of Arabia. He actually has four hands.

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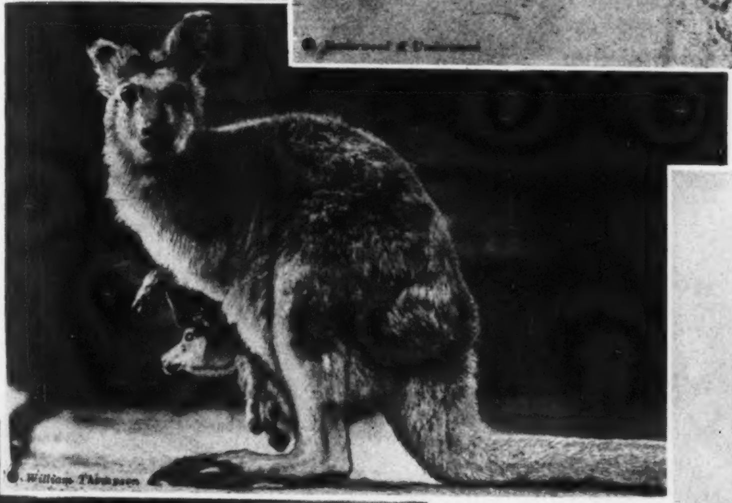
● William Thompson

S alk seventy miles a day, so no wonder she
bit up-ish. Mrs. Dromedary is an Arabian
nly one hump.

● [illegible]

MOTHER Lion's mouth makes an excellent go-cart when she takes the baby out for a ride in jungleland.

JOHN MCKEE, his own little daughter, Patsy, and his cut-outs.

DOROTHY HENDERSON at work on the frontispiece.

RICHARD ATWATER (Riq), author of "Doris and the Trolls," with Doris, Peggy and Mitzi, their troll cat.

Your Friends at Work

HELEN HUDSON, who draws your puzzles, and her children, Miriam and Ruth.

CHILD LIFE
CHILD LIFE
CHILD LIFE
CHILD LIFE

HAZEL FRAZEE making the October cover.

CLARA INGRAM JUDSON trying one of her recipes in the "Child Life Kitchen."

RALPH E. POWER, artist and author of the "Sailing Ship" series, at work.

Study of Child at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

ABOUT OUR CHILDREN

About our children we rear our gayest dreams, clothe them in our most poignant hopes, and probe their futures with a bright fear that is as old as the world. They will be strong and brave . . . they *must* be healthy . . . to their prosperous door-steps the pleasant people of the world will beat a pathway.

So run our dreams and our hopes. . . . But everything we have and all that we can do must be brought to bear on the effort to make these things come true. In the budding characters we can strive to encourage such few virtues as we, ourselves, had to pass on . . . the small, lithe bodies we can guard and develop . . . but how shall we imprint upon their dawning little personalities that rare glamour that makes the whole world come smiling?

The popular people we see about us are accomplished people . . . accomplished in the manners and arts that generations of culture have tested and found attractive. It is a share in these accomplishments that we must give to our children . . . a share in sport, in dancing, in art, literature and music.

They need not excel in any of these; but their performance in all must be authentic. And this particularly must be the case with their music. That is one reason the Steinway is treasured in important homes where children are being reared in the cultured tradition.

The Steinway brings an authentic inspiration to the child's instruction. It is, in itself, a graceful work of art that develops a sense of artistic values and an appreciation of the utmost in musical expression. . . . And the Steinway, choice of the masters from Wagner to Rachmaninoff, leaves the impressionable young talent unhandicapped, from the all-important first moment, by the distortive influences of practice on less perfect instruments.

Because this finest of all musical instruments, the Steinway, ranks so high in the world of excellent things, it long has been looked upon as the exclusive possession of musical artists or families of wealth. But the fact is, that every family may acquire the Instrument of the Immortals on terms that will not overburden even the modest income.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as $875

(As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs.)

10% down *balance in three years*

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THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

Conducted by SUSAN WILBUR

Associate Editor, Chicago Evening Post Literary Review

FOR US, Halloween is a joke. We summon goblins by cutting pumpkin faces, with red peppers for noses and onions for eyeballs. We make our own spooks by dressing up in sheets.

It is not long, though, since Halloween was really spooky. You have only to read Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" to know what might happen along a lonely road. And magic, of the more scary sort, seemed to be quite common! A girl would look in her mirror at midnight, and there behind her, she thought, would appear the face of whomever she was destined to marry.

And if Elizabeth Pongracz Jacobi, author of "When I Was a Girl in Hungary" (Lothrop Lee and Shepard), had been a country girl instead of a city girl who went to the country in summer, she could probably have told us of a Halloween custom which is neither spooky nor funny, but just plain solemn. Someone else from Hungary once told me that they used to go out to the graves of their ancestors on Halloween, quite as in America we visit soldiers' graves on Memorial Day. And according to Mrs. Jacobi, it's on New Year's Eve or Sylvester Night that they have the stunt parties that we should be having on October thirty-first.

Among the new books, the perfect present for Halloween, if there were such things as Halloween presents, would be "The Wonder Road" (Macmillan). These three volumes summon up witches, fairies, elves, brownies, and giants, by means of stories. The first, "Familiar Haunts," gives old favorites such as Cinderella, Hawthorne's stories from the Greek, and the tales of Hans Christian Andersen and the brothers Grimm. Books two and three give some of the newer wonder stories: Carl Sandburg's and Cornelia Meigs', and Cynthia Asquith's along with some very old ones from India, and some modern but not quite new ones by Howard Pyle, Oscar Wilde, and Tolstoy. And the perfect prize for a Halloween party would be "Puzzle Tales" (Reilly and Lee) with its pumpkin coach on the cover. These too are old stories, retold by Edna Levine and then made to tell themselves still again in words that are crossword puzzled all over Puss's boots, the Sleeping Beauty's counterpane, the Snow Queen's sleigh, little Red Riding Hood's wolf, and so on. Maude I. G. Oliver has made a silhouette to go with each story.

From *Puzzle Tales.* (Reilly & Lee)

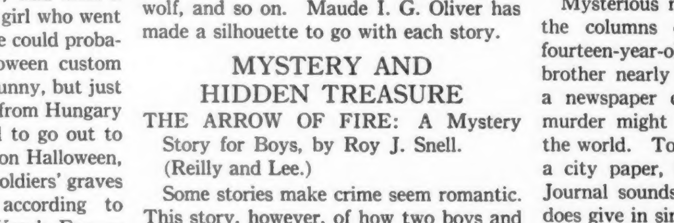
MYSTERY AND HIDDEN TREASURE

THE ARROW OF FIRE: A Mystery Story for Boys, by Roy J. Snell.
(Reilly and Lee.)

Some stories make crime seem romantic. This story, however, of how two boys and a girl helped round up some desperate gunmen in Chicago avoids making crime attractive, while still giving its share of excitement and many fine points about the business of being a detective.

GREEN EYES: A Mystery Story for Girls, by Roy J. Snell.
(Reilly and Lee.)

Jeanne and Florence suddenly discover that their camp on Lake Huron is all surrounded by mysteries. One island has gamblers on it, another a lady detective, and there are gypsies in the woods. Which of these is it who keeps upsetting their boat, or is it an odd acquaintance of Jeanne's who happens to be visiting some millionaires over on the point?



From *The Wonder Road.* (Macmillan)

MYSTERY OF WORLD'S END, by Helen Berger. Illustrated by Charles Sanchez $2.00
(Longmans, Green.)

An invalid cousin their own age was coming to visit some American children who lived in Hawaii. Father thought that a good mystery might help the boy to get well. The odd part was that from the first things kept happening that they hadn't planned, and before they knew it the make believe mystery had turned into a serious one.

JOAN OF THE JOURNAL, by Helen Diehl Olds. Illustrated by Robb Beebe. $2.00
(D. Appleton and Co.)

Mysterious mistakes keep creeping into the columns of the Journal. And, as fourteen-year-old Joan discovers when her brother nearly loses his job, a mistake in a newspaper can be as deep-eyed as a murder might be in some other parts of the world. To anyone who has worked on a city paper, the office of the Plainfield Journal sounds a trifle story-book, but it does give in simplified form a good general idea of the business of editing and printing a daily.

APPLE PIE HILL, by Helen Forbes. Illustrations by Eleanor Barte..... $1.75
(Macmillan.)

At the time of the Revolution, many people hid their family silver, and some of them did not come back to find it. At Apple Pie Hill the Burrell family went on living for a hundred years in the house where their heirlooms were hidden. Finally at a crisis in the family affairs, fourteen-year-old Dark made up her mind to find them, and did. But even Dark might not have been successful if she hadn't at the same time made up her mind to finish the stocking she was knitting.

AT THE SIGN OF THE WILD HORSE, by Louise Seymour Hasbrouck. Illustrated by Ruth King..... $1.75
(The Century Co.)

This time the old farm was several feet deep under the new reservoir before the modern heiress

[*Continued on page 506*]

The Gateway to Success in Life

CHARACTER
SUCCESS
INTELLIGENCE

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A NEW EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY

192 AUTHORS

10 VOLUMES

473 SELECTIONS

4160 PAGES

Will you not lead your children through this gateway to success in life? Success comes through character and intelligence. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR is especially designed to develop both. An inspiring story, put into the hands of a child at the right time, will accomplish what no amount of scolding, lecturing, and sermonizing will do. Our booklet, entitled "Character Building—A Guide for Mothers," will show you how it can be done. By this simple method you may develop character and intelligence and lead your boy or girl to real success in life.

DR. CADMAN "hits the nail on the head" when he says: "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR is a collection of over 400 stories, intended to assist mothers in the building of character. A booklet called 'Character Building' classifies these stories in such a way that mothers can use them to teach such traits of character as love, fidelity, faith, courage, contentment, perseverance, and many other desirable qualities. This is made possible by selecting the stories from the world's best literature, on the principle that children have the capacity to appreciate and enjoy the writings of the greatest authors, provided a judicious selection is made for them. The child's cooperation is assured by the selection of stories in which children are sure to be interested."

The Distinguishing Feature

of THE CHILDREN'S HOUR is that it starts with the principle that *children have the capacity* to appreciate the best literature, and, furthermore, that they are *entitled* to have the best.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR takes the very best things out of the library of the world and lays them on THE CHILDREN'S TABLE. The literature of the world is full of good stories for children, but the children do not know them, the parents can not find them, and the book sellers do not have them. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR gathers them together and puts them, not in father's library behind closed doors, but on the children's table where the boys and girls can get them and enjoy the delight of ownership. No other collection of stories, equal to those in THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, was ever brought together for the exclusive use of the children.

Children Love the Best Stories

They would rather have good literature than bad, because they get more enjoyment from it. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR does more than tell them where to find it; it brings the stories to them, so that the children themselves own them.

It Leads to Intellectual Power

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR develops character, creates higher ideals, sets before the children the example of hundreds of inspiring leaders, and inculcates respect and admiration for the greatest qualities in human life. It cultivates the desire to read and conducts the child into the right paths. The parent must start the child in the right path and see that he receives the inspiration that will affect most favorably his entire future life. For this reason THE CHILDREN'S HOUR is vastly important to parents.

EVERYTHING BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

One hundred sixty full-page illustrations in the brilliant colorings of the new photochrome process.
Charming drawings in color on every page of the text.
Illustrations, title-pages, marginal drawings, text, linings, and superb bindings—all attractive and pleasing—a perfect accompaniment to the uplift and inspiration of the stories and poems.

DR. FOSDICK says: "Houghton Mifflin Company, in publishing the charming set of books for children, called 'THE CHILDREN'S HOUR' has rendered to the family life of America a distinct service."

CARDINAL O'CONNELL says: "The general make up of the volumes is most satisfactory and attractive, and the selection of stories is very judicious."

RABBI WISE says: "I cannot think of a finer service to children than to acquaint them with the contents of 'THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.' "

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE

By taking advantage of our special offer you can secure a copy of William L. Taylor's beautiful picture, "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," with complete copy of Longfellow's poem of the same title. Write for full information, using attached coupon.

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Houghton Mifflin Company: Without obligation, send me your 32 page booklet, "Character Building — A Guide for Mothers," and information regarding your special offer of William L. Taylor's picture; also particulars regarding THE CHILDREN'S HOUR in ten volumes.

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CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

NEW AMERICANS

"ONE OF the nice things about being an American," said Russell, "is that you can stay right at home and still see lots of people from other lands."

"Yes," said Miss Bradley, the counselor of the Brocton Good Citizens' League, "there are probably more nationalities represented in the United States than in any country in the world."

"Still," said Helen, "they are all Americans after they get here. Take Bianca Moreno's father, for instance. He votes, just as Daddy does, and is just as much of a citizen as anybody."

"That is because he has been naturalized," Miss Bradley explained. "When Mr. Moreno came from Italy six years ago, he took an oath that he wished to be a citizen of the United States and filed his first papers. Then after he had lived here five years, he was allowed to file his second papers, since he was able to speak English and sign his name in his own handwriting. He took a copy of his first papers and his 'certificate of arrival' to the office of the clerk of the court, and was accompanied by two witnesses who could swear that they had known him for five years. Ninety days later he was asked to appear in court, where he had to take an examination, testing his knowledge of our form of government, and when the court became satisfied that he was a man of good character and sincere in his desire for citizenship, he took the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States and was awarded his 'certificate of citizenship.' Bianco and her brothers, being under age at the time their father became a citizen, became citizens also."

Honor Points

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of members who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you may record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, these papers are turned in to her and she sends us the list of her members, with the number of points she thinks each one deserves. Send your October list in time to reach our office by November 5th.

Any good deed that you record will count—for instance, anything that you do to help someone else at home, at school, or elsewhere. Following is a list of special good citizenship deeds, which we suggest that you do for October.

1. I learned how a man or woman coming to America from another land may become a citizen of the United States.
2. I learned how children coming from another land may become citizens of the United States.
3. I learned the names of the boys and girls in my school (or my classroom) who had been born in other lands.
4. I asked one of these children to join us in a game at recess or after school.
5. I asked one of these boys or girls to tell me something of the land from which he or she came.
6. I introduced a new American to some of my friends and tried to help him feel at home.
7. I explained to a new American (or to some other new pupil) some of the customs of our school.
8. I explained to a new American about our Declaration of Independence and Constitution.
9. I explained to a new American about our holiday, Halloween, and told him of the ways in which Good Citizens celebrate it.
10. I was careful to observe everybody's property rights on Halloween.

Other good citizenship deeds may be substituted for those above, and of course you will add others of your own. *Remember, you must record one or more deeds during the month, in order to have your name on the honor roll.*

There was silence for a moment, as the members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League thought of their American citizenship which they had always taken so much for granted. They had all been born in America, as had their fathers and mothers, and had always enjoyed the privileges of citizenship without any special effort on their part; and they had wondered a little that day Bianca had come to school, her eyes shining with happiness, and made the announcement that she was now just as much an American citizen as any of them, for her father had been naturalized. No wonder she had felt happy about it, for her family had waited five years to realize their fondest dream of becoming Americans.

"I don't believe Bianca always feels like a citizen," said Grace slowly. "She loves America just as much as we do, and I guess she appreciates it even more, but sometimes she seems a little lonely and left out of things."

When they began to think it over, they realized that there were a number of children in their school who were shy about joining in their good times, and they were shy because no one had ever taken the trouble to make them feel welcome.

"It's up to us," said Harvey, "to help them get acquainted with America. Let's invite all the foreign born children in our school to our Halloween party."

The party was a big success. The members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League dressed as witches and ghosts, but the boys and girls who had been born in other lands came in the costumes of their former countries. And that was the only way that you could tell the new Americans from the old ones, for there wasn't a lonely boy or girl among them.

League Membership

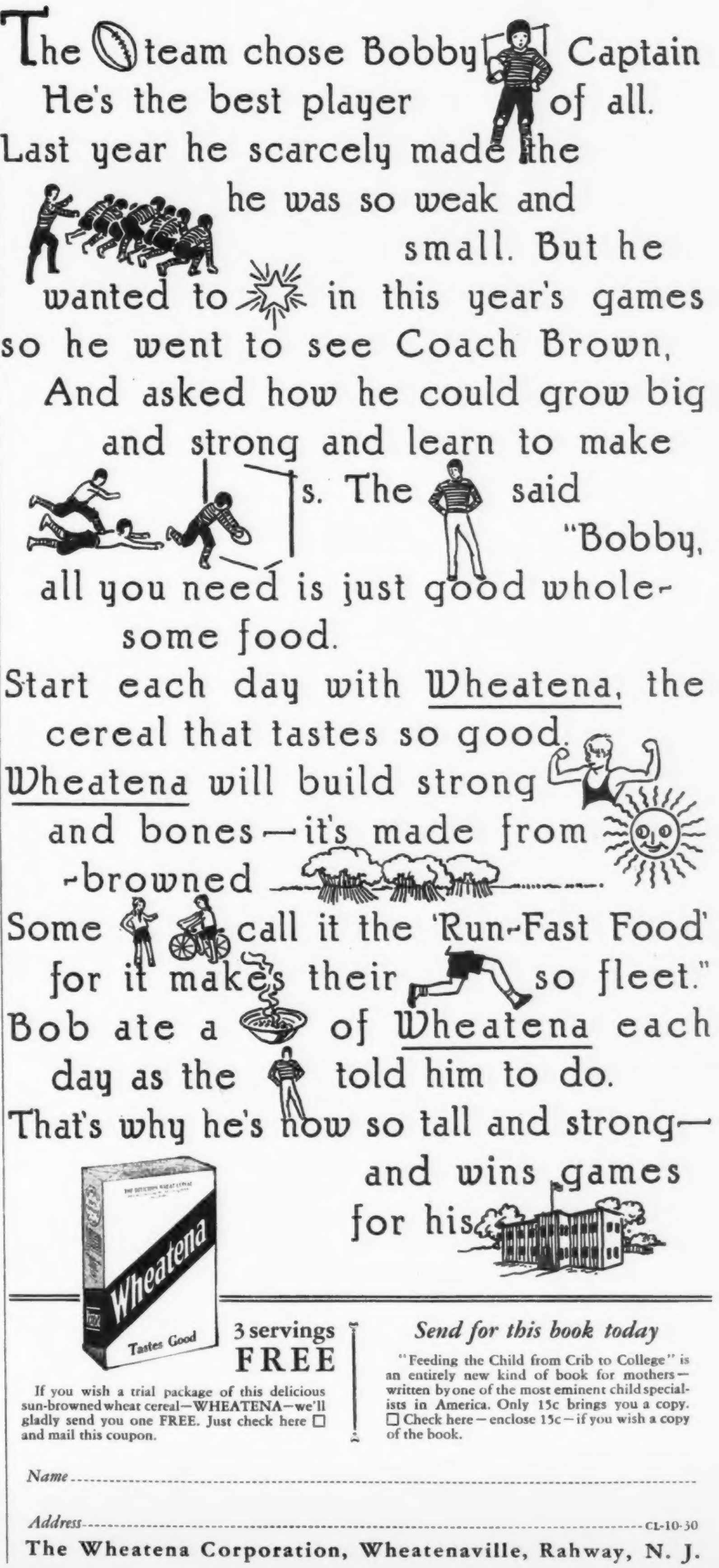
Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Honor Roll for May

Mary Amate
Ernest Anastasio
Charles Annicelli
Blanche Bachelder
Millard Bachelder
Emil Bailke
Mary Balger
Georgiana Black
Janet Bradley
Dana Bray
Phyllis Borckett
Dorsey Brown
Yetta Brown
Lucy Cambosis
Mary Carbone
Anna M. Carey
Bobby Carpenter
Lillian Carlstrom
Philomena Carrano
Louise Carson
John Cavallaro
Anthony Cerve
John Chellemi
Stanley Chorinzy
Clifford Clark
Faye Clark
Frances Comfort
Lorraine Comisky
Angelina Coppola
Billy Crawford
Jessie Creaser
Bennie D'Angelo
Nicholas D'Aniellio
Harvey Dauch
Agnes Davis
Elvyn Davis
Jennie De Angelo
Jennie Deeko
Rita De Meola
Louise De Palma
Leland Dougherty
John Douglas
Margaret Durso
Evelyn Ellington
Florence Ellis
Robert A. Elwell
Peter Ewchuk
Evelyn Falsey
Donald Farnsworth
Margaret Ferguson
Sirio Formico
Sylvia Franco
Wesley Gates
Isabella Gaud
Esther Giametti
Grace Gilbert
Lillian Gilbert
Lola Gilbert
Edward Grabowski
Ruth Graves
Walter Grudzinski
Evelyn Guida
Dorothy Hall
Anthony Hardy
Anthony Hardy
Betty M. Hayes
Martha Heff
Edna Hessinger
Geraldine Higgins
James Hurlburt
Jane Hutton
Eleanor Ingenito
Antonette Izzo
Helen Izzo
Celia Jacobs
Pasquale Jenetti
Virginia Jermia
Carl Johnson
Donald Johnson
Mary E. Kiernan
Doris Klump
Jane Korzon
Dale Kruckman
Walter Kyder

(Continued on page 528)



The team chose Bobby Captain
He's the best player of all.
Last year he scarcely made the
he was so weak and
small. But he
wanted to in this year's games
so he went to see Coach Brown,
And asked how he could grow big
and strong and learn to make
s. The said
"Bobby,
all you need is just good whole-
some food.
Start each day with Wheatena, the
cereal that tastes so good.
Wheatena will build strong
and bones—it's made from
-browned
Some call it the 'Run-Fast Food'
for it makes their so fleet."
Bob ate a of Wheatena each
day as the told him to do.
That's why he's now so tall and strong—
and wins games
for his

3 servings FREE

If you wish a trial package of this delicious sun-browned wheat cereal—WHEATENA—we'll gladly send you one FREE. Just check here ☐ and mail this coupon.

Send for this book today

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers—written by one of the most eminent child specialists in America. Only 15c brings you a copy. ☐ Check here—enclose 15c—if you wish a copy of the book.

Name ....

Address CL-10-30

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

1930 is the 150th anniversary of Walter Baker & Company

The weekly treat became a daily delight *and Jimmy's weight went up*

FORMERLY, Jimmy had known cocoa only as a special reward. On days when he was asked to stay home and study while the other boys played baseball, or to mow the front lawn instead of going fishing, Baker's Cocoa had been held forth as the lure.

But now he was underweight, and so he was going to have cocoa every day. Well, well, well—life was pretty good after all. Too bad, thought Jimmy, that he hadn't become underweight a lot sooner.

As you might expect, it was only a matter of time before Baker's Cocoa accomplished the same result in Jimmy's case as it has with thousands of other growing children. Steadily, encouragingly, his weight began to go up.

For every growing child

Naturally, Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk is an ideal food drink for *every* growing child. Do you realize how much valuable goodness each delicious cupful contains?

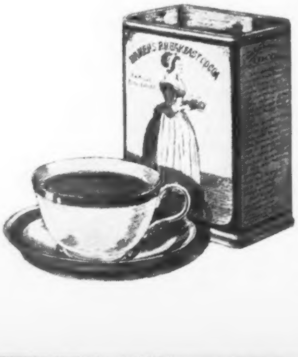
Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk offers in wonderfully flavorful guise, all the wholesome benefits of milk — and the added nourishment of Baker's Cocoa. Indeed, Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk provides an abundance of precious food elements — proteins, carbohydrates, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin A, Vitamin B — a banquet of those valuable food materials which help every child become strong and sturdy and alert.

In a recent survey, 77% of the dietitians, professional nurses, editors of women's magazines said "Baker's Cocoa is best." The pick of West Indian cocoa beans is obtained for Baker's Cocoa. Still more important are the unique knowledge and skill that enter into their blending—the accumulated experience of 150 years. No wonder Baker's Cocoa is so smooth and rich in flavor. No wonder that grown-ups enjoy it just as keenly as do children.

Write for recipe booklet: Walter Baker & Co., Inc., Dept. G-10, Dorchester, Mass.

BAKER'S
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
COCOA

A Product of General Foods Corporation

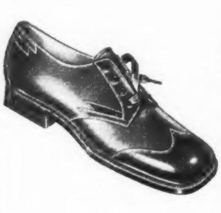


© 1930, G. F. Corp.

YOU CAN BUY

Through Child Life Shopping Service Rand McNally & Company, 270 Madison Ave., New York.

Good-Night—and this pair of "M" pajamas in flannelette in white ring dotted pattern on pink, blue or green background, from the Minneapolis Knitting Works—will assure a happy visit to Nodland. Soft and warm, the north wind can blow and the little wearer will be cozy and comfortable, even on the sleeping porch. These can be bought in sizes 2 to 8 years, for $1.50 per garment.



Here's where good looks and comfort are combined in a dark smoked and Log Cabin leather shoe for both boys and girls, from the Shaft-Pierce Shoe Company. In sizes from 8½ to 12, it sells for $4.50, and from 12½ to 2, for $5.00.

Soft wool is now being combined with the low lustered durene cotton in the brother and sister sweater suits by Loomtogs Inc., making them good-looking, comfortable and tub fast. This garment is so new it hasn't been priced, but in sizes 2 to 6 years it will probably sell around $2.00.

(If desired, names of shops where these articles may be purchased will be furnished upon request, and a stamped addressed envelope).

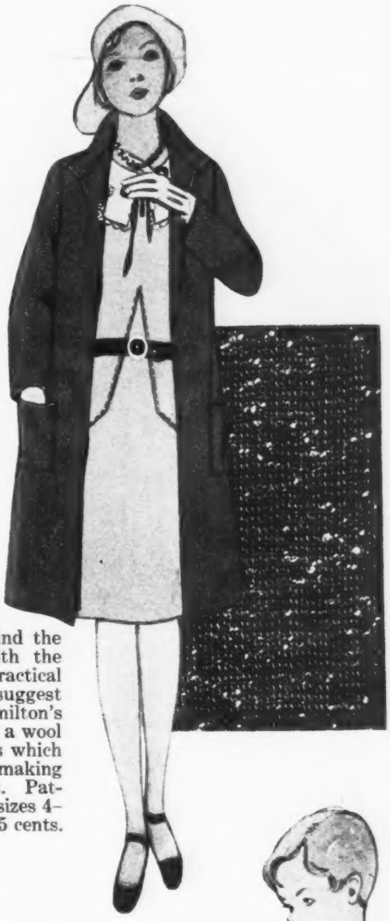
THE WELL DRESSED CHILD

Conducted by Carolyn T. Radnor Lewis, New York

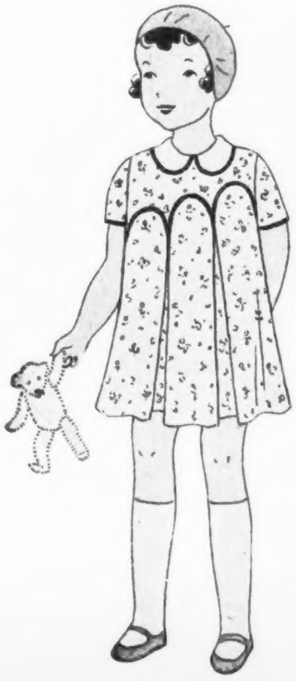
YOUR SHOPPING SERVICE

We shall be very glad to give you further information regarding articles shown on the fashion and shopping pages. To buy the patterns, the fabrics or any of the articles, kindly send your own check or money order, together with the size and color desired, to CHILD LIFE SHOPPING SERVICE, Rand McNally and Company, 270 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

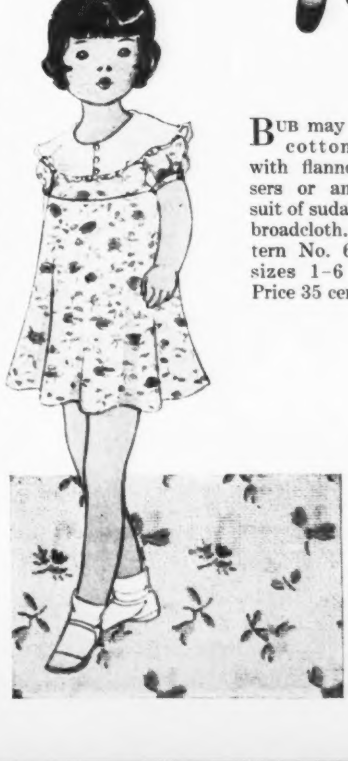
As with the grown-ups the type of the clothes now determines the fabrics for the younger generation. Top coats and suits are comfortable and practical in the monotone tweeds, some flecked with white, and in the fur-like pile fabrics, the suedes, chinchillas and camel's hair, with or without the beaver or squirrel collar, often belted at the new high line with suede. For daytime there are the light weight woolens, so ideal in the guimpe dresses and jumpers, the cottons in the reddish browns, bright blues and greens and in the vivid floral or geometric prints, and the rayon and wool mixed jerseys for the pleated skirt to complete the tailored blouse of madras, dimity or sudanette, or the Roman stripe sweaters. On Sundays and dress-up occasions the challis, pictorial printed silks and taffetas, shirred and ruffled, appear. Georgettes and rayon and silk fabrics, flowered in sprigs and nosegays, and made even daintier with lingerie touches of pink or baby blue, flit through the parties and dancing school.



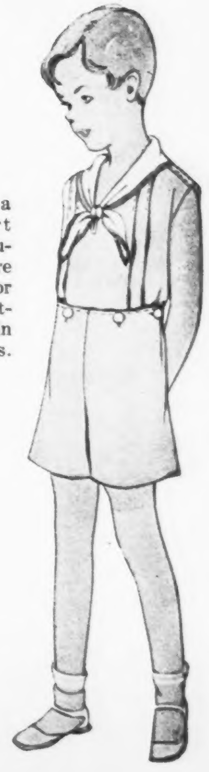
Most mothers find the long coat with the dress the most practical ensemble. We suggest for the coat Hamilton's Flake-Tweed with a wool or silk crepe dress which may be varied by making the top of a print. Pattern No. 6214, in sizes 4–14 years. Price 35 cents.



For any day and every day there is this imported challis dress with cream collar bound in the contrasting color of the scalloped yoke. Made to the individual order in sizes 2 to 10 years, with or without belt, long or half sleeves, it is attractively priced at $8.50. Bloomers or French panties to match at $2.95.



Mother can make from Pacific Mills challis a printed cotton or a wool crepe like this dress with lingerie collar, and shorts. No. 6250 in sizes 2–8 years. Price 35 cents.



Bub may wear a cotton shirt with flannel trousers or an entire suit of sudanette or broadcloth. Pattern No. 6251, in sizes 1–6 years. Price 35 cents.

When It's Time to Wean the Baby

WEANING time is a critical period in the life of the baby. His future health will depend on the correct choice of food.

Pure milk, either fresh or evaporated, and *Karo Syrup, supplemented with cod liver oil and orange juice are the requisites of a complete and easily digested infant diet.

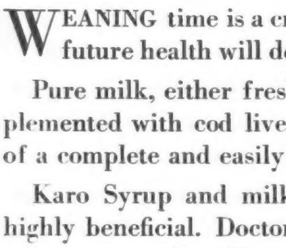
Karo Syrup and milk formulas are simple, inexpensive and highly beneficial. Doctors and hospitals throughout the country are recommending Karo especially for babies.

Ask your physician about Karo—not only for your baby—but for the growing youngsters as well.

FREE TO MOTHERS!

"The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child" is a practical, helpful booklet written by one of America's leading baby specialists. Mail the coupon below for your copy.

**KARO is the familiar Syrup sold in grocery stores everywhere. This delicious syrup is a pure mixture of dextrin, malt sugar and other simple sugar derivatives which is digested with remarkable ease and provides the elements for energy and growth.*



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept.CL-10,17 Battery Place, N. Y. City

Please send me my copy of "The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child."

*Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

*Town*______________ *State*__________

Feeding Her Birds

THE painting, "Feeding Her Birds," is by Jean François Millet who was born in 1814 in Normandy, the son of a French farmer. As a child, Millet had to work in the fields from early morning until late at night, and the only time he had to draw was during the noon hour of rest or after the evening work was finished. However, his drawings showed so much talent that when he was eighteen he was sent away to study.

Although Millet worked under the famous painters of his time, he did not follow the conventional style of painting at that period. He went back to the scenes of his childhood to paint the people he understood. He interpreted the peasants as the peasants really lived and painted their simple strength. Up to the time of Millet, paintings of peasant life were romantic instead of real.

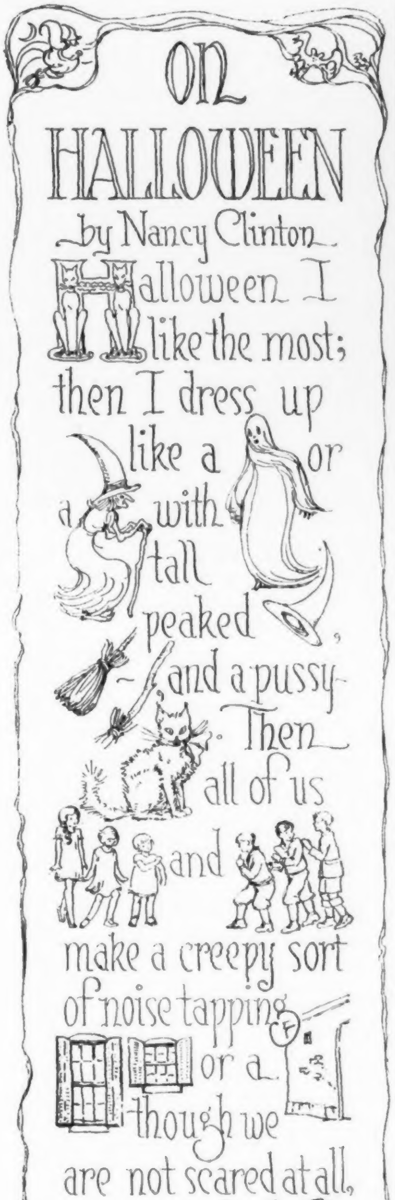
While Millet was painting these masterpieces, which originally sold for small sums of money and are now very valuable, he lived in the little village of Barbizon with the peasants who posed for his pictures. Each canvas tells a simple story of hard work. "The Man with the Hoe," "The Water Carrier," "The Sower," "The Gleaners," and "The Angelus," all tell the story of the farmer.

Just as Millet was becoming famous, he died in 1875. At the present day he ranks among the great masters, and this French peasant-painter would be surprised if he knew how widely his pictures are hung and how highly they are valued.

The United States owns several of the best known of his paintings. "Woman Feeding Chickens" hangs in the Chicago Art Institute; "Harvesters Resting," in the Boston Art Museum; "The Sower" and "The Water Carrier," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; and "The Man with the Hoe," in the San Francisco Museum.

This beautiful new picture section is to be a regular feature of all your future CHILD LIFE issues. We shall be glad to receive your suggestions for famous paintings you would like to see reproduced on the first page of the section or for other features to be included in the other pages.

Because we know so many of you will want to frame "Feeding Her Birds," we have arranged to furnish you with an attractive frame, glassed ready for use, to be sent for $1.00 postpaid.



ON HALLOWEEN

by Nancy Clinton

Halloween I
like the most;
then I dress up
like a or
a with
tall
peaked ,
and a pussy-
. Then
all of us
and
make a creepy sort
of noise tapping
or a
though we
are not scared at all,
then duck for
when it's night and
eat by
light. It's hard to
wait till it's begun
for Halloween is
lots of fun!

Two little "Injuns" go on the war path against dirty hands

"WA-HOO. WA-HOO. Our attack completely washed out the enemy this time! *Germs*—that were hiding on our hands—waiting to make Sister and me sick.

"But they didn't get the chance. We cleaned up their camp with Lifebuoy, the soap that gets rid of germs."

◆ ◆ ◆

Heap Big Bobby does sound ferocious! But he's only playing a new health game—with the Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart.

Try this game with *your* children. Start them keeping a "clean-hands" chart. Let them pretend they're "Injuns" fighting an enemy. Explain that they really are fighting a dangerous *health* enemy—disease germs. And that they are winning an important *health* battle—every time they wash their hands with Lifebuoy, the germ-removing toilet soap.

The Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart helps children understand this health lesson. It shows how hands pick up germs from objects everyone *has* to touch—books, shoes—doorknobs. The Life Extension Institute says that hands may spread germs of 27 diseases.

That's why child specialists everywhere advise the regular use of Lifebuoy. For Lifebuoy's rich, creamy, antiseptic lather removes germs as well as dirt. Keeps the complexion in wonderful condition—satin-smooth, clear, *radiant*. Prevents embarrassing body odor, too. Its fresh, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy is a *real health safeguard.*

Free to mothers

Mothers, fill out and mail coupon below for free Wash-up Chart and trial size cake of Lifebuoy for each of your children. See what a marvelous time they'll have playing this new Lifebuoy health game.

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP
for face, hands, bath

free

LIFEBUOY WASH-UP CHART
There are Germs on almost everything you touch:

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Dept. 2610, Cambridge, Mass.

Please send me free, Lifebuoy trial cakes and Wash-up Charts for my . . . children.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

The Best In Children's Literature

Now $1.00

THE MACMILLAN CHILDREN'S CLASSICS

SINCE the early day of bookmaking for boys and girls the Macmillan Children's Classics have represented the best of the past and present in writing for young people. Each title is illustrated by a famous artist and great care and discrimination have been used in selection of type and format of each book. Gay bindings, brilliant jackets, endpapers and color illustrations made these books exceptional at their former price. Now at one dollar you are being offered the essentials of any child's library.

This famous list of 40 books, includes such titles as:

ALICE IN WONDERLAND AND THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS
By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by John Tenniel.

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By C. Collodi. Illustrated by Mussino.

OLAF THE GLORIOUS
By Robert Leighton. Illustrated by Henry Pitz.

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON
Illustrated by Hedvig Collin.

JOHNNY APPLESEED AND OTHER POEMS
By Vachel Lindsay. Illustrated by George Richards.

MOPSA THE FAIRY
By Jean Ingelow. Illustrated by Dugald Walker.

Send for a complete list of this famous series, also an illustrated catalog of Macmillan Books for Boys and Girls which describes many new books for 1930 and lists the famous books of the past.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON ATLANTA
CHICAGO DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO

Our Book Friends

[*Continued from page 498*]

found the clue to her Revolutionary treasure. The treasure is only part of the story, however. The book is chiefly an account of Veronica's summer at an artist colony, where the practical people, not the artists, turn out to be the real heroes and heroines.

THE TURNED ABOUT GIRLS, by Beulah Marie Dix................$1.75
(The Macmillan Company.)

A poor girl and a rich girl on their way to unknown relatives change clothes in the train and play out the old story of the prince and the pauper. Not a real mystery, perhaps, since we know the trick from the first, but a pretty good mixup all the same. (New edition of a book first published eight years ago.)

DOWN SOUTH

ALL ABOUT PATSY, written and illustrated by Mary Phipps...........$2.00
(Doubleday, Doran.)

Patsy is a little girl down south the way Christopher Robin is a little boy over in England. Except that Patsy has a pickaninny, Liza Jane, to play with, and her animal friends are real instead of being stuffed: a red pig, a white kitten, and a black puppy, besides a coon and a turtle, though these are really only chance acquaintances. Her adventures include persimmons, watermelons, and a straw ride, and when Christmas comes she picks her own holly and mistletoe.

THE BOYS AND SALLY: Down on a Plantation, by Rose B. Knox. Illustrated by Manning DeV. Lee......$2.00
(Doubleday, Doran.)

This story follows the year around on an old time southern plantation where they raise so many of the necessary things that they hardly have to go to the store for anything. They have cows, and churn their own butter, fruits and vegetables and make their own preserves and pickles. They raise sugar cane and make their own molasses. All these plantation activities, and, most important, the cotton crop, are the real excitement of the book, even though it has an exciting story besides.

PETER POCKET'S LUCK, by May Justus. Illustrated by Mabel Pugh. $1.50
(Doubleday, Doran.)

Peter Pocket is a mountain boy who plays things on his fiddle just as another boy might draw pictures of them. There's a hole in the roof of his Granny's cabin, he never has pennies, he lives mostly on corn bread, and one winter his new suit has to be made out of a bed blanket. His life is so different and so full of small surprises, however, that it is great fun to read about, even if you do feel as though you would like to send him some of your clothes and books and a few goodies.

More Book Friends

OWNING THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (Houghton Mifflin), is like owning a whole library, and any boy or girl who reads the nine volumes of the set will find himself on the road to being a very well-read young person. He is offered much of the world's best literature for young people, and whether he's a very young person just starting to kindergarten or a very grown-up young person almost ready for college, he is going to find many stories and selections to interest him. Certainly, a boy or girl getting his taste in literature from the material in these volumes will always want the best as he grows older.

There are stories for every age. In one volume, "Folk Stories and Fables," you will find all the old favorites—"Red Riding Hood," the tales of Hans Christian Andersen, and Æsop's fables among others, and in "Myths from Many Lands," there are myths of Greece and Rome, of Scandinavia and Japan. In "Stories of Legendary Heroes," you will read of those heroes beloved by every generation—among them Beowulf, King Arthur, Robin Hood, Siegfried and the Cid. "Stories from the Classics" gives you selections by the great Latin writers, Livy and Ovid, old Greek folk-tales, and stories of the Trojan War.

The older boys and girls are sure to have a special liking for "The Out-of-Door Book," with its thrilling narratives of whales and elephants, cowboys and Indians, firemen and steeple climbers. Many of these are real-fact stories, and they are written by such famous authors as John Burroughs, Victor Hugo, and Thoreau. "Stories from Seven Old Favorites" has selections from "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Don Quixote," "The Arabian Nights," "The Travels of Baron Munchausen," and "Tales from Shakespeare."

Then there is the volume called "Adventure and Achievement," with such representative stories as "Scenes from the Life of George Washington," by Eva March Tappan, and "The Lion and the Missionary" by David Livingstone. In "Modern Tales," you will find selections from Bret Harte, Poe and Scott, Kipling's "Wee Willie Winkie," "The Man Without a Country," and "Alice in Wonderland."

There is one volume devoted just to humor, with stories suitable for every age. There are some by Joel Chandler Harris, others by Ellis Parker Butler and Josephine Daskam Bacon. There are selections from "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and two "Pickwick Papers." "Poems and Rhymes" is another book every boy and girl will like.

The illustrations deserve a paragraph by themselves. There is a picture on every page in addition to the many really distinctive full page illustrations in color.

Ethel used to hide to avoid drinking milk

. . . now she eagerly drinks four glasses a day

"I COULDN'T get my little daughter to take milk. She fussed and cried and even *hid* to keep from drinking it.

"Finally a neighbor told me that she had the same trouble with *her* children until she started mixing Cocomalt with their milk.

"I tried it with Ethel and it worked like a charm. She simply *loves* the taste—and drinks four glasses a day without coaxing. Her color is healthier now and she is much sturdier and stronger."

This mother's experience is typical. Cocomalt wins over the fussiest child with its creamy, chocolate flavor. And it adds 70% more nourishment to milk. Thus each glass of Cocomalt counts for nearly *two* glasses of plain milk—besides furnishing Vitamin D.

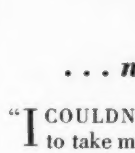
What Vitamin D does

Vitamin D is the same vital element produced by summer sunshine. It helps to build strong, sturdy bodies.

Cocomalt contains important elements, including malt enzymes which digest starches in other foods.

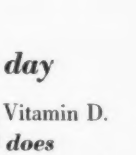
Special offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. ½ lb., 1 lb., and the 5 lb. family size. High as Cocomalt is in food value, the cost is suprisingly low. At grocers and leading drug stores. Or mail coupon and 10c (to cover cost of handling and mailing) for generous trial package.



Cocomalt

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD



ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 910, Hoboken, New Jersey
I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

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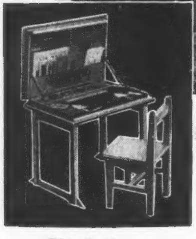
"I WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL, TOO, MOTHER" . . .

"Too young to go to school" does not mean "too young to learn". The right kind of playing with the right materials imparts fundamental knowledge and sense-training, the benefits of which are endorsed by recognized leaders in child education.

Alert Merchants Foster The "Learning While Playing" Idea

Leading department stores, and children's shops, feature Playskool Institute Products . . . because modern parents demand playthings that teach as they entertain. Ask them to show you Playskool — The Home Kindergarten and other Institute products. If you wish, we will mail an illustrated folder of the complete Playskool line, together with the booklet "Pre-school Training in The Home". Send Ten Cents, to cover mailing, with the coupon below.



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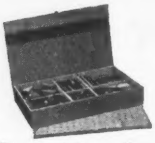

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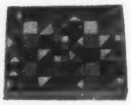

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A Handy Way To Subscribe

SAVE a dollar a year by subscribing to Child Life instead of buying it by single copies.

You will love the adventure and mystery stories about animals, fairies, cowboys, Indians and heroes in history. The games, puzzles, cut-outs; the Kitchen and the Workshop will bring you happy hours, too.

Just send in the coupon below with three dollars, and Child Life will be mailed to you for a whole year.

CUT HERE

CHILD LIFE Oct. '30
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send Child Life for one year to the name below. Three dollars is enclosed.

Name

Address

City State

Captain Kidd of the Wilderness

[*Continued from page 487*]

in his belt, strutting up and down the deck of his ship. Pirates, we know, were brave; but they were also cruel and greedy. They loved to boast and show off.

The coyote has those same qualities in his nature. In the bitter cold of winter I have heard the yelling of a coyote pack running a deer to death. If he gets the chance, a coyote will stampede a band of sheep and kill dozens of the defenseless animals for the cruel sport of it. As for boasting and showing off, many a morning have I been roused from sleep by the vainglorious yapping of a coyote perched on a vantage-point across the valley from my cabin. There he is with his head pointed to the sky, telling the whole wilderness what a smart-handsome fellow he thinks he is.

Some of you who read this will say, "Why, I've seen coyotes at the zoo and they weren't anything like that." But a coyote in a cage is like a pirate in jail. All the swagger and spirit is gone out of him. He is no longer an arrogant swashbuckler, going wherever he pleases and taking whatever he happens to want. In a zoo, Captain Kidd of the Wilderness is a poor, bedraggled thing.

Man is trying hard to exterminate the coyote. Like the sea-rover of the Spanish Main, he is a bad citizen. Instead of treasure-ships, the coyote preys upon flocks of sheep and cattle. Many a young colt or calf or lamb does he pull down. The harmless creatures of the wilderness such as squirrels, birds, deer, and my own special friend, Bill Beaver, are his victims. He is a killer, and with poison, with traps and guns, with packs of trained dogs, man tries to make him pay the penalty.

But man has not yet succeeded. Other marauders of the wild—mountain lions, lynx, bob-cats, and wolves—grow fewer every year. Yet the coyote is almost as numerous as ever and that sharp brain of his is the secret. He has learned to stay just out of rifle-range. He has learned to avoid traps, to carry a piece of meat until a bitter taste gives warning of poison. He has learned to throw dogs off the scent.

I have matched my own wits with Captain Kidd of the Wilderness and, wily old pirate that he is, I respect him. Sooner or later he will be hunted down and peaceful creatures will tremble no more at his shrill yell. So it was with the buccaneers and so it will be with him. But whatever his end, he will meet it bravely; and I respect him for that, too.

Our Workshop

[*Continued from page 492*]

Turn box A upon its side, nail stick B to its bottom, and brace with sticks C. Tack the goblin face to stick D. Then prepare two slides of tire-tube rubber, or leather. Fit them around stick B, and tack their ends to stick D, as shown. Neck stick D will now slide up and down on stick D.

A spring and a cord are required to raise and lower the goblin head. Buy a curtain spiral spring at a ten-cent store. Loop it over the top of stick B (Figures 2 and 4), and nail the ends to the sides of stick D. Screw a screw eye into the lower end of stick D, tie a cord to the screw eye, and run the cord down to and through a screw eye near the bottom of stick B. By pulling the cord, the goblin's head will be drawn down until it is concealed behind the chair or other object. And then, releasing the cord, the head will spring into view. Run the cord across the room to a hiding place for the operator, or to a trigger which will be released by one's stepping upon a rug, or opening a door, or by other means.

Figure 6 shows an excellent ticktack to use upon windows and doors on Halloween. It requires a clockwork from an alarm clock. Provided that the alarm spring is in good working condition, nothing else matters. Remove the clockwork from its case, and fasten it to the end of a stick with wire or heavy cord, as shown in the illustration. Tie a cord to the hammer, and make a finger loop in the cord at a point near the stick end. The handle will be easier to hold, if rounded.

With the cord attached, and the first finger slipped through the loop, as shown, the vibrating hammer is easy to control by moving the finger up and down.

THE
Add-a-pearl
NECKLACE
KENDRIC RUKER '30

A dream come true

THERE is a hint of magic in the gleam of genuine Oriental pearls. Magic too, in the way an ADD-A-PEARL necklace grows to glorious perfection from a modest start. The happy owner counts with pride each addition to her treasured necklace. Every pearl carries a meaning or a message of love. As a member of the Pearl-a-Month club she is buying one of the smaller pearls each month out of her own allowance. Parents and friends always remember the ADD-A-PEARL on Christmas and birthdays and the necklace really lengthens astonishingly fast. Soon a grown up young lady will possess a strand of genuine Oriental pearls whose matchless beauty will be a constant source of delight.

An initial ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE, of 8 pearls on a fine gold chain, may be purchased for as little as $10. Other prices range—$15—$20—$25 and more, depending on the size of the pearls. Group additions may be purchased from $10—single pearls as low as $2.

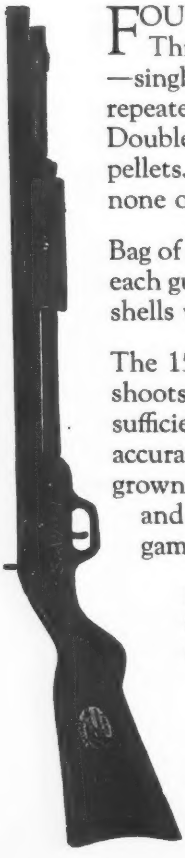
THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY, Chicago

Add-A-Pearls are Genuine Oriental Pearls

HOW AN ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE GROWS

FOX
PLAY GUN

Just like big guns . . .



FOUR models to choose from. Three of them are HARMLESS—single barrel, one shot; seven shot repeaters; and the famous Fox Double Barrel—all shoot wooden pellets. Thrills of real guns—with none of the danger.

Bag of fifty wooden balls comes with each gun—also a bell target and two shells with the Double Barrel.

The 15 shot pump action repeater shoots red composition pellets with sufficient force for target practice—accurate, and provides fun for grown-ups, too. Bag of thirty pellets, and an interesting trap target game.

Prices—One shot $1.65; Seven shot $2.25; Double Barrel $2.75; Fifteen shot $3.90.

Get it from your dealer—write for circular.

FOX COMPANY
4712 N. 18th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Animal Youngsters

(See Picture Section)

THE four baby bears in the picture are still curious about the strange new world in which they find themselves. Just now they are more interested in playing and eating than in anything else. In winter most bears find a hollow tree, a cave among the rocks for a den, leaving only an airhole for breathing. Here they sleep from two to six months, neither eating nor drinking. Animals that sleep through the winter like this are said to hibernate.

A mother bear usually has two cubs at a time, and cares for them an entire year. The year after they are born, when she gets ready for her long winter sleep, she takes them with her into her den.

Bears in captivity seldom hibernate, but they are easily kept and seem contented when well treated.

THE mother polar bear hibernates, too—in a cave under the ice and snow—but the father bear usually spends the long polar night prowling about on the ice in search of seal, fish and other food. The baby bears stay with their mother until they are grown, and she teaches them to swim and take care of themselves. If they are in danger they will jump into the water after her and catch hold of her tail. Then she will tow them to safety.

ELEPHANTS make good mothers, and young elephants make good babies. A baby elephant will rush to defend his mother with as much courage as she defends him.

In India and Burma, grown elephants learn to carry heavy loads—sometimes as much as half a ton over level country. Often they are hitched to plows and wagons. They will carry from two to six passengers in a howdah which is a box-like affair placed on a padded saddle on the back of the elephant. The driver or mahout, as he is called, sits astride his neck.

THE mother and father baboon in the picture seem very proud of their baby, but probably they are just as proud of their fame for wisdom. Baboons were worshipped by the people who lived long, long ago in the country of Egypt, and pictures of them are to be found on many old Egyptian monuments.

IT IS said that camels are too stupid ever to grow fond of their masters, but a camel loves her baby. Although a baby camel may be three feet high and weigh ninety pounds, he is very helpless and dependent on his mother's milk.

There are two kinds of camels. The camel found in Arabia, Africa and Syria has one hump, and is known as a Dromedary. The Bactrian camel of western Asia has two humps. The Dromedary is used for carrying passengers, the two-humped Bactrian camel for carrying freight.

Sometimes the mother camel must carry a load weighing perhaps, a quarter of a ton, while her baby is still small, but she takes him with her. The driver will hang the young camel in a hammock at her side, and she is content, if she can see him.

PERHAPS no mother has such a strange way of caring for her young as has the kangaroo of Australia. Her babies are no longer than baby mice when they are born and live for months in a little pouch in the under side of her body. This pouch has a strong elastic muscle like a drawstring, with which she can open and close the pouch. She also has a way of pumping milk into the mouths of her little ones, whenever they need it. Even after her children grow older they use the pouch for sleeping and traveling, not leaving it altogether until they are about ten months old. By that time they have learned to graze, as their mother does.

A kangaroo has such large, powerful hind legs that, when he is grown, he can sometimes leap a distance of twenty-five feet. Instead of walking, he leaps. He is very skillful at boxing with his smaller forepaws, which he uses like hands.

THE lioness is a very faithful mother, guarding her cubs carefully in some hidden spot and teaching them to wash their faces with their clumsy little paws and to keep their bodies clean. A lion is the most famous member of the cat family and, like our household cat, is very clean.

The father lion's mane begins to grow in his third year and keeps on growing until he is seven or eight years old. But though he is a long time in getting it, he has a long time to enjoy it, for many lions live to be forty or fifty years old.

(*Here is a story that we know your teacher will want to read aloud. Why not take your magazine to school, so that your classmates may enjoy your beautiful new picture section with you.*)

* *

An Airplane Stowaway

[*Continued from page 491*]

If people could joke it must be all right.

Olie achieved a wan smile. "When do we get in?" he shouted back. "In an hour. Sit tight."

Olie had an hour to think in. He was glad he would soon see Peter, but somehow he thought about Father most. All sorts of little kind things Father had done came up in his mind. He was just beginning to wonder how he would get back when he felt the plane slow down. With a terrific effort he unscrewed his eyelids and looked down upon long cindered roads marked off like an enormous pie. In an incredibly short time they had landed.

With legs that *would* wobble in spite of heroic efforts to stiffen them, Olaf stepped out of the little door and to the ground. The other passengers walked off with their bags in a most matter-of-fact manner. But he hung around feeling small, while airplanes dipped and circled in the air above him,

[*Continued on page 512*]

Do you give them the three R's and neglect the three D's?

THIS isn't fair to children. Healthy teeth are closely allied to healthy bodies. And the way to keep teeth in good trim is to stick to rigid rules about the three big D's . . . Dentist, Diet and Dentifrice.

At least twice a year to the dentist. Plenty of raw fruits, green vegetables and milk and . . . a thorough brushing after every meal with Colgate's Dental Cream.

Colgate's is safest for children's teeth because it contains only those ingredients which *clean*. It isn't intended to cure or prevent diseases of mouth or gums. The best dental authorities agree that no dentifrice can do this . . . and that medicaments intended for any purpose other than cleansing, may be harmful . . . they may upset the bowels or the digestion.

Dentists, physicians and men of science approve Colgate's. Their opinions are based on tests. You can well abide by their findings. Trust your children's teeth to Colgate's . . . and always watch the three big D's.

OLGATE'S
BON DENTAL CREAM

FREE

—First Aid for Mothers!

"The Way to Happytown" is a delightful little child's book about the adventures of Bob and Betty on the way to Happytown. In it is a tooth-brushing chart which appeals to the child's play instinct . . . and offers a reward for brushing teeth regularly. It is approved by educators and helps you to teach your children the clean teeth habit. Mail the coupon and get this book—free—with a free trial tube of Colgate's.

Colgate, Dept. M-688, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C.
Gentlemen: Please send me "The Way to Happytown" and free trial supply of Ribbon Dental Cream for..........................children.

Name..
Address..
City.. State................................

E-Z UNDERWEAR
"FOR ANY CHILD OF ANY AGE"
"FOR ANY CHILD OF ANY AGE"
"FOR ANY CHILD OF ANY AGE"

Are You *buying* STYLE *plus* QUALITY IN CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR?

E-Z UNDERWEAR *combines both!*

The photographs show two of the newest and most popular styles of E-Z Underwear for "Any Child of Any Age." They give the utmost in style, wear, comfort and protection. French style, trunk length—with "short legs" which do not show below outer clothing.

Made in elastic, *knit* fabrics which absorb perspiration and keep the body warm. Correctly cut sizes insure comfort—each garment strengthened where it is most needed.

Other E-Z Underwear styles include knee and ankle lengths—high and low necks—long and short sleeves, all of various knit fabrics to meet every weather condition.

Most E-Z fall styles retail from 85c to $1.00 at stores all over the United States. For "Any Child of Any Age". Write us if your dealer cannot supply it.

E-Z Mills Inc. 57 WORTH ST. NEW YORK

more planes than he had ever seen or imagined.

But where could Peter be? And how was Olie to get home? He was beginning to feel very woebegone when the assistant pilot looked his way.

"You'd better stick to me, young fellow, or you'll get lost!"

Olaf stuck most gratefully. They found Peter Swift in bed in a darkened room, with a crisp white nurse in attendance, who allowed them inside the door for the briefest minute. Olie didn't even have a chance to say good-by. "His arm will be all right," she said.

"Just time to snatch a sandwich before we go back to the field. We start for home at two."

"Oh, are you going to take me home?" Olie just managed to keep tears out of his voice. But this time they were tears of relief.

"Why sure, Olie; you were a good mascot."

A rather pale boy climbed into the big silver monoplane headed toward the west. To his surprise the wind had dropped. The air was calm and beautiful. As they rose over the city a circular rainbow floated before them.

The pilot turned around and smiled at Olaf through his glass door. "That means a smooth, clear trip," he cried.

This time they flew so high that the cows in the meadows looked like black and white pins in a green cushion. Olaf found he could look down perfectly. He watched a railroad train, as insignificant as a creeping caterpillar; and the boats cutting the river looked like beetles. Below them the sun plunged into a bed of ragged crimson cloud. Oh, it was glorious to fly above the sun.

Time flew with them. Before it seemed possible, Olaf saw the dome of the state capitol floating like a balloon in the misty twilight. They had flown the three hundred and sixty miles in an hour and fifty-six minutes.

And Father had come down to meet him! The field was somber in the fading light, but oh, how good it felt to plant his feet on solid ground!

"That boy of yours is a good sport," said the pilot to Mr. Berglund. "We'll make a flyer out of him some day."

When Father smiled everything was all right. Olie fell into step beside him and they left the field together.

"You start school to-morrow, Olaf."

"Oh, Father, can we stay here?"

The darkness hemmed them in. Father's arm slipped round his shoulder and Father's voice, sounding soft and unfamiliar, said, "I guess if you want to stay so much, it's all right with me."

Olaf felt for a moment as though the world were no bigger than the circle of that protecting arm.

Then, suddenly, the beams of the great land lighthouse, that flashed over the air field to guide lost planes into port, struck across his path. And he knew that the world was boundless. Some day he would fly up and down it—perhaps even visit the stars. He sighed a little as the vastness of it came over him and clung more closely to the shelter of Father's arm.

The House In Hidden Lane

[*Continued from page 486*]

queer intruder can be. If there's anything in it, we'll either get hold of him ourselves or report it to the village constable and have him keep a watch here—though I don't want to resort to that unless I have to."

Mr. Tanner arrived that night for the week-end and heard the mysterious story. He too laughed at their alarm, but agreed to make one of the watching party. He even declared that he would spend the early half of the night on the couch in the living room, so that he could the more easily rush out and grab the intruder the moment he appeared in view.

But the night proved absolutely uneventful and Mr. Tanner laughed at his family. "Better stick to your treasure-hunt," he advised jovially when he left for the city on Sunday evening after an absolutely uneventful week-end. And the uneasy household began to think he was right!

After that ten days elapsed in which nothing whatever out of the ordinary occurred, except that Timmie had become a regular visitor at some period of each day. He never came into the house, for he seemed to sense the fact that Mrs. Tanner didn't particularly want him there. But he managed to join the children in their play down on the shore or in the overgrown orchard or the tumbledown barn. He was a diverting companion in many ways, for he could whittle marvelous toys and knickknacks out of wood and was also proficient in inventing the most thrilling new games and stunts. A prime favorite with them all was one which he called Pirate Treasure. It had to be played in bathing suits, and consisted mainly in pretending to capture the rowboat, manned by Junior as captain and the others as crew. Timmie himself was always the pirate. Then a pirate treasure (a box of shells and round stones) would be hidden by him with great secrecy somewhere, and the others were supposed to hunt for it and unearth it. If they were lucky enough to discover its whereabouts, the point was to try to unearth it before the pirate could re-capture them. But Timmie proved so resourceful in finding the most baffling hiding places that they were seldom if ever successful in even locating them.

On wet days, or when Timmie was not around, they all put in a good deal of time hunting for their real treasure. There was, by that date, not a nook or corner of the old place, from attic to cellar that they had not investigated more or less thoroughly. Even Mrs. Tanner had helped in sounding the backs of closets and inspecting the paneling in the living room. They even removed all the old books from the secretary-desk and pried and prodded for secret drawers or concealed cupboards, without any result. Finally Mrs. Tanner declared that she could waste no more time over the matter, but would hereafter leave the search in the hands of the children.

It was ten days before anything startling happened. The day had been dark and rainy—the second in a regular three-day north-easter—and the children were all bored and weary with having to be so long indoors. Late that afternoon, Junior strolled away from the rest of them playing a noisy game of parchesi in the living room, and rambled up to his own room to find an interesting book to read. His own stock and Lucky's on their table, he had long since exhausted, and in sheer desperation

[*Continued on page 516*]

6000 Children go to school at home ...and so can yours!

MOTHERS who wish for their children the best in education are with increasing frequency turning to the Calvert School for the ideal solution to their problem. Instead of sending their little sons and daughters to a distant school to mingle with children from homes of many standards of culture, thousands of parents are having school come to their boys and girls in the protected environment of their own home.

When they learn that each year more than 6000 children from Kindergarten to High School are educated by daily lessons given by mothers at home, with papers marked by trained instructors in Baltimore, they become keenly interested.

A visit to the mailing room in the Baltimore school brings stories of Calvert students at the four corners of the earth.

"Here's a package," said a guide recently to a marine officer's wife, "that is being sent to an American ambassador in Europe.

"There's one that goes to the borders of Tibet—carried up the Yang Tze on three different steamers and transferred to pack animal, courier, and Chinese junk.

"The teacher correcting papers over there," she continued as they inspected modern classrooms and offices, "has, among others in her personal charge, the little boy of a lighthouse keeper off the coast of Alaska, and the son of an engineer in the Andes. Numbers on our mailing list, like your little girl, are children of the Government service."

"Do you send most of your courses to distant points beyond the reach of schools?" the visitor questioned.

"Not at all," came the ready reply. "Hundreds of children right here in America, near the very best schools, are studying by the Calvert method. Their parents value the individual instruction and the broad cultural background which Calvert gives. In various parts of the country Calvert schools have even been formed—groups of children taking the courses under the guidance of one mother. And they're getting along splendidly!"

Calvert Courses, eliminating waste of time, prepare the pupil to enter high or preparatory school at the end of six years with a foundation recognized everywhere. Lessons are so clearly outlined no mother need hesitate to give them. And because they are easily grasped, there is more time for healthful romping out-of-doors.

Based on 33 years' experience, outgrowth of a successful day school, this carefully planned course is certainly worthy of investigation. The Headmaster of Calvert School is author of "A Child's History of the World" and "A Child's Geography of the World"—known to hundreds of thousands of children. You owe it to your children to send the coupon today.

CALVERT SCHOOL
110 E. Tuscany Road, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me full information about your Home Instruction Courses.
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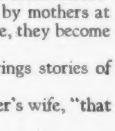

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Seven happy SPEED-A-WAY Members—
Do you know them?

You, too, will get a big kick out of joining the Speed-A-Ways!

And besides having a lot of fun, you'll know How to Get a Quicker Start, learn Racing Strokes, How to Stop with 4-Wheel Brakes, and many other valuable secrets.

Join this jolly club—anyone can.

Winners and champions prefer "CHICAGO" FLYING SCOUT or "CHICAGO" SILENT FLASH, because their success depends on speed and action.

HOW TO JOIN

For beautiful gold-finish skate pin, membership certificate, book of roller-skate secrets, simply send your dealer's name and 10 cents in stamps to cover postage.

Seventh Graders: Send name of your school for FREE-SKATE plan.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.
Established Over ¼ Century
4455 West Lake Street Chicago

No. 101—The new "CHICAGO" FLYING SCOUT (Pictured). Double-Tread, "TRIPLE-WARE" steel wheels; cushioned in rubber; finest ball bearings. Outwear ordinary skates two to one. **Price** $2.25

No. 181—"CHICAGO" SILENT FLASH—the wonderful guaranteed rubber-tire skate. Outwear any steel-wheel skates made. **Price** . . . $4.00

At your dealer's or sent direct, postpaid.

CHICAGO FLYING SCOUT Roller Skates

Sally Shoe's Halloween

[*Continued from page 473*]

I was taking it to my little granddaughter to wear to the Halloween party, but I can easily purchase another for her and this you must have with my compliments."

"Oh—oh, thank you, sir!" gasped Sally Shoe, and she took the package Doctor Fidgett held out and away she ran.

"Hello, Sally Shoe!" called Bobby Titlow when she ran past his yard. He was helping the hired girl beat a rug which hung on the clothesline. "I wish you had to do this instead of me. I want to go out and get cornstalks for Halloween."

"I'll do it," said Sally Shoe, and she put down her peck of potatoes and her roll of yellow muslin and her package and her mask, and went in the yard and helped the hired girl beat the rug. (Bobby Titlow had already rushed away to get his cornstalks.) And when Sally Shoe had finished helping beat the rug the hired girl said, "Seems like you ought to have some pay for being so kind."

"Oh, I don't want any pay," said Sally Shoe, "but if you don't want those red slippers which are in the rubbish barrel I'll take them along."

"Take 'em and welcome," said the hired girl.

So Sally took the red slippers and then she picked up her peck of potatoes and her roll of yellow muslin and her mask and her package and went flying toward home.

Sally Shoe's mother and the nine hungry little Shoes were waiting for Sally.

"Why are you so late, Sally?" asked Mrs. Shoe. "The potatoes should have been on a full hour ago."

"Mother," began Sally Shoe, "do listen!" And Mrs. Shoe and the nine little Shoes listened while Sally told of all the lovely things she had collected.

"It would have been a heap better," sighed Mrs. Shoe, "if these folks had given you a few pennies for your kindness."

"Oh, no, Mother," disagreed Sally Shoe, and she knotted the red silk kerchief around her black curls, and she wound the yellow muslin around for a skirt, and she tied the Roman sash about her waist, and she put on the red slippers. Old Miss Flannigan's beads were around her neck, and then she placed the red mask over her face, and then she paraded up and down the room.

"Sally Shoe!" chorused Mrs. Shoe and the nine little Shoes.

"I'm a gypsy!" said Sally Shoe. "And I'm going to the Halloween party, and if I win the prize it will be better than all the pennies those folks would ever give me."

And Sally Shoe went to the Halloween party, and Sally Shoe won the prize. The prize was a ten-dollar gold piece.

Friends of a Feather

[Continued from page 480]

stopped short and made a swift dive for Bill's bulge.

Bill warded him off. The skirmish led them over the threshold into the office. Miss Slater, secretary, who had just finished the morning dusting and turned on the electric fan preparatory to seating herself comfortably, uttered a horrified "Boys!"

The boys did not hear. Slim was intent on recovering Brutus while he was yet feathered. Bill was intent on prolonging Slim's unfounded distress.

The tardy bell rang. Slim made one last frantic effort, pulled aside Bill's coat, and ripped completely open—not Brutus—but the old cushion from which Bill had drawn, one by one, the insignia of the new Boosters.

At what followed Miss Slater jumped, screaming, onto a chair. The janitor, seeing the dun-colored cloud pouring into the corridor, with rare presence of mind turned in a fire alarm and ran for an extinguisher. Before he arrived things were in a pretty bad way in the office. Feathers cockily adorned the portraits of each of the new principal's predecessors. The bust of Caesar carried a feather collar. Dusty feathers fluttered hither and yon, settled a moment, then bounced on again.

After the janitor arrived, things weren't much better. The chemicals didn't smell good and the feathers continued to dance and the janitor couldn't find the fire, even in the wastebasket. The boys could hear the tramp, tramp of orderly feet, down, down the stairs, out the side exits. From the corner of his eye Slim could see the boys and girls lining up outside, waiting orders either to march down the hill or return to the school. To them it was just another fire drill, and they probably were wondering if they'd cleared the building in three minutes. To him it was unutterable disgrace, and he didn't believe they'd ever clear the building. Feathers, feathers—

Simultaneously he and Bill and Miss Slater and the janitor sneezed. Slim discovered he was in a draught. They all were, in fact, even the feathers. He tiptoed over to Miss Slater's desk and gently turned off the electric fan. Things became quieter. The feathers settled daintily here and there. The janitor breathed a sigh of relief. Miss Slater began powdering her nose.

"Well, well!" The principal's voice boomed from the doorway. "What's happened?"

"Oh!" Bill stooped and began rapidly gathering moist feathers into the cushion-slip. "Just a few—feathers, sir."

"The insignia of the new Boosters' Club, you see," Slim explained with shaking voice, as he, too, knelt to gather feathers.

"I—see." Even if they had been looking, the boys couldn't have told whether it was a frown or a grin that passed over Mr. Harris' face, so quickly

[Continued on page 520]

A picnic with a Boy Scout

JOAN held Cousin Bobby's hand tightly going through the red and gold autumn woods. Cousin Bobby was a Boy Scout, and he looked so grand! And he was so high, too, that Joan had to bend her head way back to see his face.

"Do you think I'll *ever* be as high as you are, Bobby?" asked Joan.

"Sure you will," laughed Bobby. "How old are you?"

"I'm seven-going-on-eight, and I want to be a Girl Scout. But I have to grow first. And—and—I'll whisper it."

Bobby bent very low so Joan could put her lips close to his ear.

"I'm not growing," she whispered.

"Who says so?" asked Bobby.

"Mother. She says I won't grow unless I drink *all* my milk, *every* day. And I hate milk, Bobby."

"Just wait till you taste *my* kind of milk! Everybody loves it . . . Now it's time for our baked potatoes. Let's make a fire in that hollow."

When the flames were crackling and snapping merrily, Bobby pulled a thermos bottle from his knapsack. "Now here's my kind of milk," he said.

He poured out two cups of rich, brown, steamy liquid.

"Ooh, what *is* it?" gasped Joan, when she had tasted it.

"That's the kind of milk Boy Scouts drink," said Bobby. "It's Postum-made-with-milk."

"Mmm. It's so nice and hot and all steamy. I *love* it."

"Sure you love it. If you drink it every day, you'll be a big, strong Girl Scout next time I come to visit you!"

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Postum is a product of General Foods Corporation. Your grocer sells it in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding hot milk or boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is prepared by boiling, and is also easy to make.

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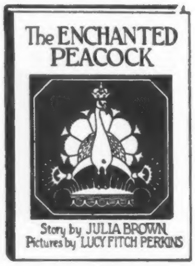
THE ENCHANTED PEACOCK

Stories by JULIA BROWN



Pictures by LUCY FITCH PERKINS

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RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

Doris and the Trolls

[*Continued from page 477*]

down, and then they all sang:

"Under the bridge of the Shivery River
You'll find the Town of the Trolls.
Under the moon
We trill our troll tune,
Troll la la, troll la la,
And dance till our shoes have no soles!"

Then the trolls got up off the sides of the bridge where they were sitting, and danced crazily all around the children, turning somersaults and shouting and laughing until they got tired of dancing, and then they all ran back to the railings of the bridge and sat down again and sang:

"Our houses down here near the leaves and the frogs
Are hidden under the knolls;
There we'll scamper all night
In the white moonlight—
Troll la la, troll la la—
In the Town of the Tumbling Trolls!"

Then they all fell over backwards off the bridge railings into the river and vanished, except the two trolls, Mildrop and Crumspill. They threw their lanterns over the bridge railing and came back and took the troller skates off the children's feet, and then they threw the skates over into the river.

"You naughty trolls, to take my skates and throw them away," said Peggy.

"Ha, ha," laughed Crumspill and Mildrop, and they came back and pushed Doris and Peggy over the bridge railing till they were falling into the river too.

And as the children fell off the bridge they could see the bubbles in the river below them shining red and yellow and purple and green, each big bubble a different color in the moonlight.

(*To be continued*)

* * *

The House In Hidden Lane

[*Continued from page 513*]

for something different, he turned to the old secretary-bookcase over the desk.

These old books of Aunt Abigail's he had glanced over not very hopefully when they took them out to dust them and examine the back of the bookcase, but had never looked into with any thoroughness. As Lucky had said, they were all 'memoirs' or 'lives' of somebody, and looked as dry and uninteresting as their dusty covers. He surveyed them now without enthusiasm, but finally picked out one that seemed to promise more than the rest—"The Life of the Duke of Wellington." As he turned its pages, hoping for some illustrations, or at least to come upon the description of the Battle of Waterloo, a loose leaf or sheet of paper suddenly fluttered out into his lap and from there to the floor. He let it lie while he was thumbing over the leaves in the vicinity of "The Battle," but presently, as his eye caught something written on it as it lay there, he picked it up and glanced it over. Then he dropped the book with a smothered shout, clutched the paper and galloped downstairs calling, "Mother, Lucky, Lulu, Bettina—look here! *See what I've found!*"

(*To be continued*)

Child Life Kitchen

[*Continued from page 494*]

Bake at 300 degrees (slow oven) till browned delicately, which will take about 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

CHOCOLATE FONDUE

Instead of dates use 2 squares of chocolate melted in a double boiler. This chocolate is added just after the egg yolks.

Instead of ½ cupful of sugar we use ⅓ cupful. Some like the addition of ½ teaspoonful vanilla flavoring.

Chocolate fondue may be served hot or ice cold as you like. Whipped cream or plain cream are a nice addition. Or, if you want to be very dressy, you may like to make a delicious

BUTTER SAUCE

Cream ½ cupful of butter and add 1 cupful of confectioner's sugar and 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat till creamy.

Just before serving add 6 tablespoonfuls of hot water and one egg white beaten till stiff. Beat till the mixture is foamy and light and serve at once.

Now, we can make a main dish. The method is the same, so we will only give the ingredients. In every case the meat, vegetable or cheese is added just before adding the egg whites.

HAM FONDUE

1 tablespoon butter
3 eggs
1 cupful milk
½ teaspoonful salt
1 cupful bread cubes
1½ cupful ground cooked ham

Cooked chicken, fish or veal also make good fondues. Part of a roast has delicious meat for fondue making. A Cheese Fondue is made by using 1 cupful of grated cheese in place of the meat. Vegetable fondues use 1 cupful diced, cooked vegetables such as carrots, or spinach; or peas or corn among the vegetables that can be used without dicing.

OCTOBER LUNCHEON

Cheese Fondue Carrot Salad
Whole Wheat Bread Jam
Ambrosia

SUNDAY EVENING TEA

Sliced Cold Meat Loaf
Butterfly Salad
Nut Bread and Butter
Chocolate Fondue with Whipped Cream

Journeys to Advertising Land

[*Continued from page 468*]

"Wouldn't these small grains make a good breakfast food too?" suggested Robert.

"They doubtless would," said our guide, "but you can't shred them. They haven't enough gluten in them. Only perfect, large, fat grains of wheat are used in making Shredded Wheat."

Just then they saw a stream of clean white wheat berries pouring into great revolving cylinders where the wheat is cooked in steam and, as the attendant opened the end of one of the cylinders, a lot of wheat rolled out into a great hopper. Each grain was much larger than natural size and looked as though it had been cleaned with a tooth brush.

"Surely, nothing in this world is so clean as that," said Ruth as the guide placed a bunch of the beautiful grains in her hand, and Mother agreed with her.

"Now the cooked grains go into the great evaporating, or curing vats, where the moisture is evaporated. Then, when sufficiently dry, they are ready for shredding and baking," said the guide.

As the shredding and baking took place on a lower floor, however, they were shown what seemed to Bob, one of the most wonderful machines in the world—a machine that seals a dozen biscuits in a package called "a carton."

"See how the machine pastes down the flaps of each package," said Ruth, who had been asking questions of the guide. "You can't do it nearly so well by hand—and here it takes a strip of white paper off of a wheel and pastes it over the crack and away the cartons go, sealed and dried, to be packed into big boxes and shipped to all parts of the world. No wonder visitors linger longer in front of *this* machine!"

"That machine has more sense than any human being I ever saw," said a solemn-looking old gentleman who came back again and again to look at it.

And Bob agreed with him.

Ruth was beginning to feel the pangs of hunger and was wondering where they could get something to eat, when all of a sudden they were ushered into a beautiful light, cheery dining room and were served with Shredded Wheat Biscuits with sliced bananas and lots of thick, rich cream. How good it tasted! While they all were enjoying this lunch and watching a lot of other travelers devouring it, a lecturer talked to them, about Shredded Wheat and showed Mother how easy it was to make a "patty shell" of a Shredded Wheat Biscuit by simply crushing in the top of the biscuit and filling it with berries or creamed meats or creamed vegetables.

"I never thought of that!" said Mother smiling.

On a lower floor they saw the most important part of the process—the shredding and baking. Long rows of shredding machines took the cooked whole wheat from hoppers and spun it out between grooved rollers into filmy shreds. Each pair of rollers added some shreds until finally at the end of the shredding machines they were cut into biscuits, or little loaves, which were dropped on a big pan—all by automatic machinery.

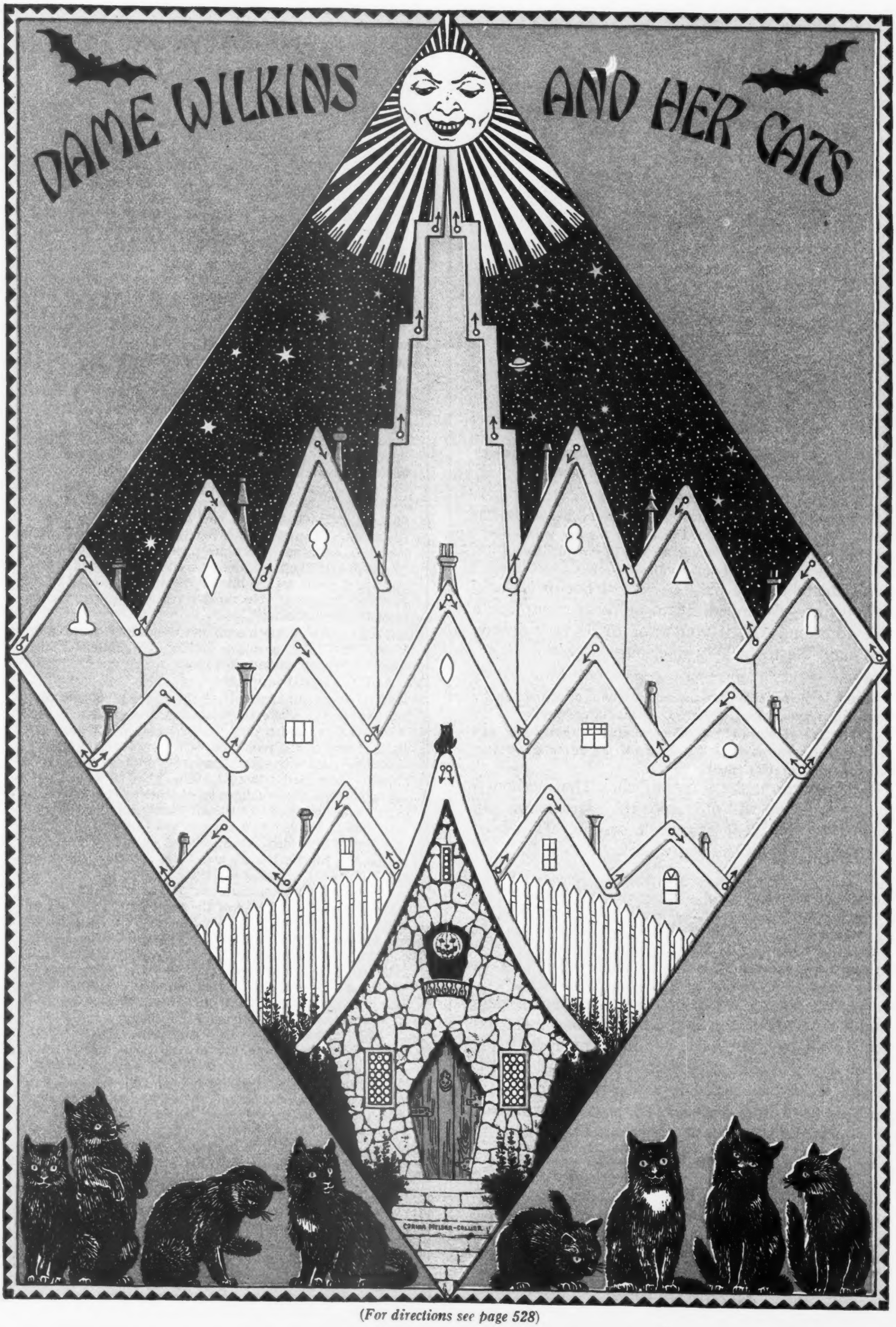
"I like to watch this part," said Ruth. "See the big Ferris wheel ovens where they are baked crisp and brown!"

Bob cocked his head to one side. "Looks like a big old-fashioned water-wheel," he said, and watched the many pans of biscuits as they turned around and around over the fire until they were baked brown and crisp. These pans of baked biscuits were then laid on an endless belt running along a table on each side of which sat twenty-five or thirty girls who took the biscuits from the belt and put them into cartons—and how fast they did work! Before you could count two they had filled a box with twelve biscuits, placed the box on a belt and away it went upstairs to the sealing machine to be sealed for shipment.

"That was the cleanest and nicest bakery I ever saw," said Ruth as they said good-by to the lady in the foyer. "I'm glad because I *do* like Shredded Wheat!"

"Me, too," said Bob. "Now for the Falls!"

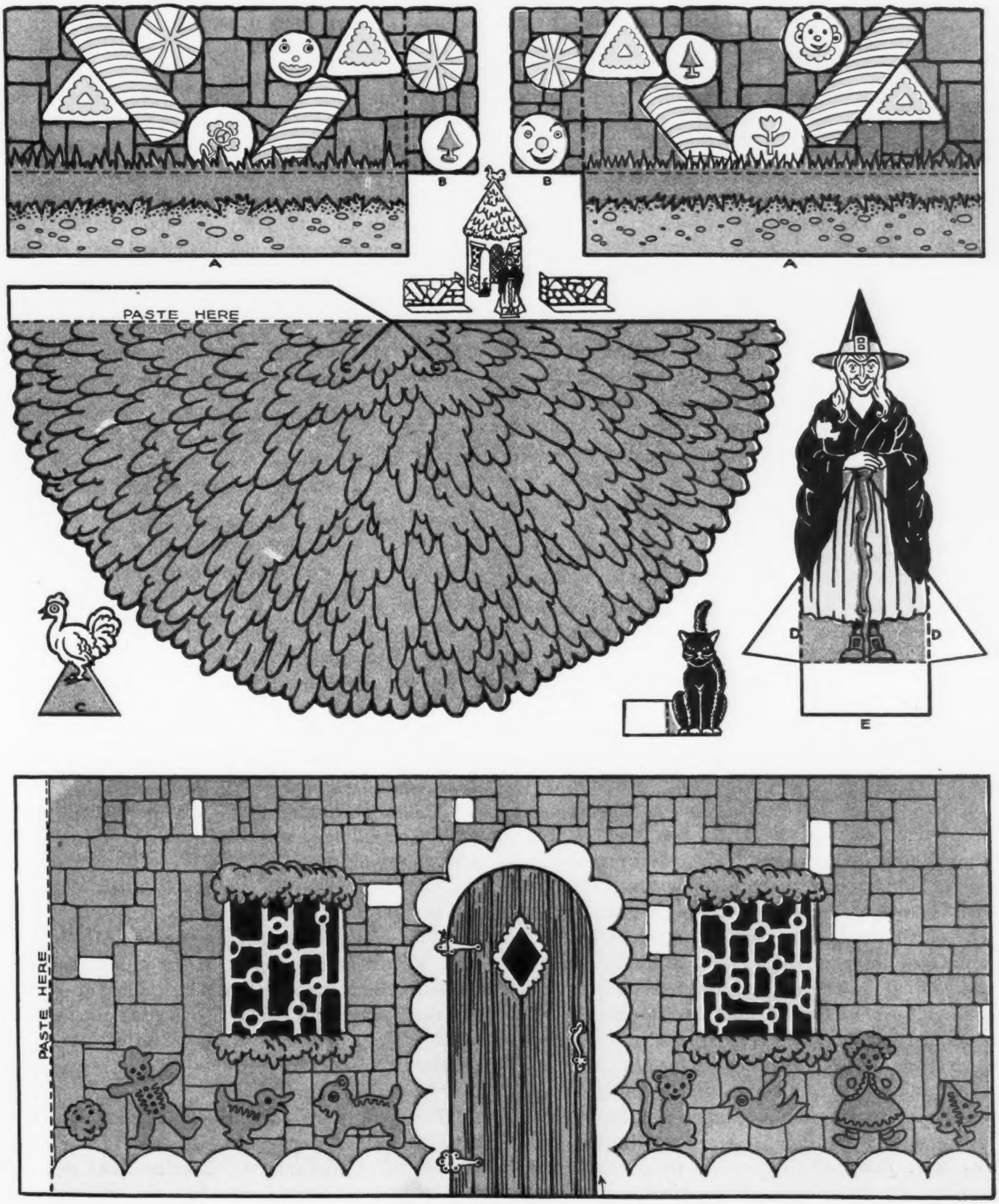
(Advertisement)


DAME WILKINS
AND HER CATS
CORINNA MELDER-COLLIER

(For directions see page 528)

The Watchful Witch

John Dukes McKee



DIRECTIONS

PASTE the page or a tracing of it on heavy wrapping paper or a magazine back. Make all the pieces. Follow the heavy outline on door until you reach the first hinge, then bend the rest of the way so that door will open. Make a cylinder of the house and paste flap at back. Bend back flap on cat and paste to inside of door so he will appear when door opens. Make the two slits marked "C" on roof. Make a cone of roof and paste flap at back. Insert the bird in slits marked "C." Set roof on the house. Bend flaps marked "D" back and flap "E" forward so Witch will stand. Bend flaps "A" forward and "B" backward and place walls in front of the house. If you wish to act out the story of Hansel and Gretel, small paper dolls can take the parts of the children.

Friends of a Feather

[Continued from page 515]

did he mask it. "There are feathers clear to the second floor, not to mention those the students are wearing. I suppose you know the penalty for such an—offense?"

The boys nodded, mutely, avoiding each other's eyes. Slim wished he could turn into an angleworm and crawl, crawl into a hole in the ground. Bill wished he had all the feathers in the world and could fly, fly to some far haven where schools had never been and would never be.

"Very well."

At Mr. Harris' dismissal they moved meekly from the office, down the corridor to their respective rooms. Slim had never known the world to be so dark. The hands of the clock trudged slowly, slowly, then leaped swiftly, swiftly, toward the hour for the penalty. Oh, he never could! Suddenly an idea came to him! He really wanted a football team, did he, even if the board of education couldn't afford a coach? Well, here was his chance to advertise the Rooster-Boosters. Could he do it? He must!

At the appointed hour the Junior High School met in assembly. Slim and Bill were seated like prisoners at the bar on a sort of mourners' bench near the stage. Mr. Harris made a few announcements, then signified to Bill that his moment had come.

Bill arose and walked to the center of the stage. He, too, had had an idea. His voice was clear and dignified.

"Mr. Harris—schoolmates. I was responsible for a—er disturbance in the main corridor this morning. I am sorry that this—er disturbance occurred in just the way it did, but I rejoice that it gives me an opportunity to express my appreciation of your support of the new school organization to be known as the Rooster-Boosters Club and to tell you that there are still a few feathers left and when they are gone there is yet Brutus remaining and he would in an emergency, such as the shortage of insignia, furnish feathers from his own—his own—"

"Self," Slim furnished, and Bill smiled his thanks as he went on without pausing for breath.

"Brutus would be glad to furnish feathers from his own self and I cannot urge upon you too strongly the importance of joining this organization and making of our Junior Hi one of the greatest, the grandest, the footballiest schools this side of the—"

"Appalachian Mountains," Slim whispered. He had planned to say something like that himself.

"Appalachian Mountains, aye, this side of the Rocky Mountains, this side the Pacific Ocean—"

Mr. Harris, gasping at the heights of the boy's oratory, rapped for order from the assemblage and indicated to Bill that his speech was over. It was Slim's turn.

Slim started his advance over the acres of stage and found himself at last in the center, with dozens of pairs of merry eyes upon him. He had been as amazed at Bill's speech as Bill himself had been, but now he must carry on.

"Friends—and Mr. Harris." That was a bad beginning. "I mean Mr. Harris—and friends. Er—just all friends." He smiled blandly upon the new principal, then upon the school. "I was complicated in the complication of the morning and I wish to extend my—er apologies and also add to what my accomplice has already said regarding your backing of the Rooster-Boosters Club. I hope you all join, who have not already joined. We want your money, your interest, and your prayers, that we may some day soon all chant together the chant of the chanticleer, as follows:

"The rooster is a booster,
He crows at early morn.
He crows just as he useter
In the days ere we were born.

"Oh, we're the Rooster-Boosters,
We crow from morn till night.
You want to watch us Roosters,
Boost everything in sight.

"Would you like to learn it? Mr. Harris, may we say it in unison?"

But already, led by Big Red Evans, the school was on its feet and the vociferous chant had become a reality. "The rooster is a booster—"

After history class Bill found Slim idling in the cloakroom.

"You old scoundrel you! What'd you skip out for? You didn't hear a word that Mr. Harris said afterwards, did you?"

"No. What'd he say?" Slim was scared. "What did he say?"

"Why, he said he hoped the Boosters Club would have wholehearted support of the school, and he modestly announced that he'd be willing to coach our skull practice if enough boys tried out for the team. D'you know who he is? He's *the* Jim Harris."

"Not *the* Jim Harris?"

"The very same. Remember reading how he hurt his back a couple of years ago? It's better but he didn't dare take a college coaching job for fear he'd forget himself some fine day and run out into the line and get really smashed up. So now he's ours. And—"

"We're the Rooster-Boosters—"

Arm in arm the boys joined their feathered friends, to chant their song and engage in splendid talk of the football team-to-be.

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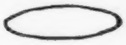
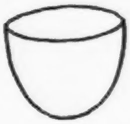
Let Us Draw

By ETHEL M. RICE

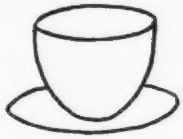
Let us draw a football fine;
Make yours long and thin like mine.



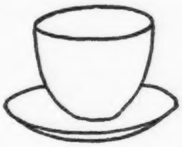
Now this line I'm sure will do
If it's drawn like letter U.



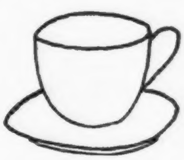
Then a long string, spreading wide,
Running round from side to side.



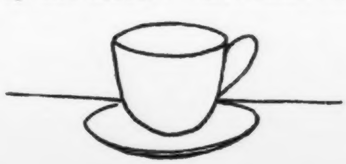
Little wee one down below,
Showing just a bit, you know.



Add a big ear at one side,
Standing out, but not too wide.



Now this line and—what have we?
Cup and saucer! Have some tea?



If you get tired of MILK . . . try this

We know just how you feel. Drinking milk really does get to be a bore. But you *do* need milk to make bones and teeth and body strong.

So why not eat your milk in the form of junket? It's much more fun. Junket is cool and creamy and comes in as pretty colors and delicious flavors as ice-cream. You'll like junket plain, but you'll *love* it with sliced oranges, bananas or other fruit on top of it.

Junket is just as nourishing as milk in a glass, too. Your doctor will tell you that. And junket has something* in it that actually makes it easier to digest than milk. Junket does *not* have to be cooked. It's made in a jiffy and *sets in 10 minutes!*

*The ENZYME in Junket is the means provided by nature for the perfect digestion of milk.

5 out of 6 authorities on child care recommend

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Make Junket with either—
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Vanilla Chocolate Lemon
Orange Raspberry Coffee

Accepted—American Medical Association

Can you draw better than this?

If you can, you will like some pictures to color with paints and crayons. Send this coupon for our

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(In Canada, address The Junket Folks, Toronto, Ont.)

Please send me FREE Party and Painting Book. If I enclose 6c in stamps, please send also package of flavored Junket (what flavor?)

My name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....
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Address ....
Does he sell Flavored Junket? Yes [ ] No [ ]

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Joy Givers' Club

CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

The CHILD LIFE prize puppy came quite a while ago. He is growing fine and is a lively little fellow. I like him very much. I named him Byrd for Commander Byrd.

I would have written to you sooner but waited for a picture. We spoiled three rolls of films before we got some good pictures.

My two sisters and I are spending the summer on my Grandpa's farm. We have lots of fun. Byrd chases all the chickens out of the yard.

I liked Mr. Newell's book and have read it three times. I'm very glad I won the Cautious Creatures' Contest.

Your friend,
BILL FITCH,

BILL FITCH

OCTOBER

The day is warm and hazy,
The trees are red and gold,
Oh, beautiful days of October,
So soon will come the cold.

The crow has been loudly calling,
From his perch in the highest tree;
And as I sit here at my studies,
The woods are calling to me.

The fallen leaves are a carpet,
Crisp beneath my feet;
The nuts are ready to gather,
Ripe and fresh and sweet.

I would like to gather some flowers,
I love the wild flowers best,
The daisies and the goldenrod
In brightest yellow dressed.

The grass, the trees, and the flowers,
That in the summer sunshine grew,
Will wither and fade with Autumn,
And sleep the winter through.

DOROTHY WETTERHALL,
Written when aged 11. Tampa, Fla.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

Our house is up in a little ravine in a foothill. Every morning many birds sing and perch in the trees by our porch. There are many live oak trees on our foothill and some eucalyptus trees.

A true Joygiver,
BARBARA STOTT,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Nazareth
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

Let your children enjoy the freedom and comfort of French panty style underwear right through the Fall.

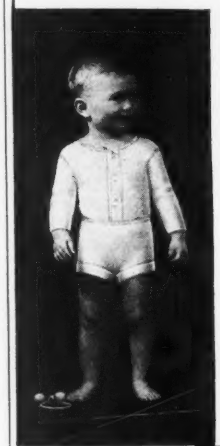
You can get Nazareth underwear in this popular style for boys and girls in Fall and Winter weight knitted fabrics.

Designed for wear with the dress of today, these suits do not show below outer garments.

Nazareth also makes regular union suits and waist suits in ankle length with short or long sleeves for those who need the extra warmth.

Because of its dependable quality Nazareth is the favorite underwear with millions of children—it has been so for forty-three years.

If your retailer cannot supply you, write us for catalog, mention dealer's name and we will see that you are supplied.



Style HS
(at left)
Infant's Shirt. Fall and winter weight, cream tinted, part wool, rayon stripe, fleeced fabric. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Also made in pin back and tie-side styles. Price 50 cents a garment.

Style P/1
(at left)
Fall and winter panties. French style, trunk leg, cream tint, rayon stripe, part wool. Elastic waist band. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 35 cents per garment. Sizes 4, 5, 6, 50 cents a garment.

Style BUDN
(at right)
Fall and winter weight. Dutch neck. Shortsleeve, trunk leg, waist union suit for boy or girl. Bleached, fleeced, knitted fabric. Taped front back and sides. Non-rusting pin tubes. Taped buttons.

BUDN/2
Same style without sleeves. Sizes 2-3 to 12-13. Price $1.00.

Catalog sent on request

NAZARETH WAIST CO.
Dept. L
366 Broadway, New York
Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

"What Makes This Pebble So Big and Bright?"

This Question, Asked by Some Little Boer Children Years Ago, Led to a Discovery That Startled the World

NEVER before had these little Boer children seen a pebble so large and shiny. There were bright spots on the surface where the outer skin was worn thin and these spots shone as though there were a hidden light within.

The eyes of the children grew big with wonderment. Curiosity led to questions. And out of the questions of those poor little Boer children came the discovery of the great diamond mines of South Africa—mines which produce today 90% of all the diamonds of the world.

Every great thinker the world has produced knows the value of curiosity. And the asking of questions, which is the outgrowth of curiosity, often leads to achievements more priceless than diamonds.

Never let anyone stop you from asking questions. And never let anything keep you from getting the answers.

If you would like to have, at your fingertips, the answers to all of the questions you are wondering about, then get your father or mother to buy you

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia

Here you will not only get the answers in words but you will also SEE those answers in pictures. And this, of course, helps you to understand so much easier and to remember so much longer.

Boys and girls who have Compton's nearly always get along better in school, and become greater leaders amongst other boys and girls, and prepare for a greater success in later life.

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Parent's Name..............................

Address..............................

City.................State.................

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

HALLOWEEN POEM

The witches are riding up in the air,
  Up in the air so dark,
They ride among the stars,
  In the bright moonlight.

And then when morning dawns again,
  They seem to slip away,
And the candles in the jack-o'-lantern
  Vanish with the day.

DELIA B. MEREDITH,
Age 7. Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I've just finished reading a story in an old CHILD LIFE. It was "The Scotch Piper," by Caroline Mabry which I thought very interesting to me as I visited Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1925. I also heard a pipe band played in the underground hall beneath Princes Street Gardens, and I also was all through the Castle and saw the pet dogs' cemetery. In Princes Street Gardens there is a wonderful floral clock made of flowers. The clock is made so that little flower boxes fit down and all the numbers and hands of the clock have flowers blooming all the year around, and it keeps good time.

My father's home town is Edinburgh but my mother comes from Stirling where there is another famous big castle where another regiment of soldiers is stationed, and in olden times the kings and queens of Scotland used to live there. While I was in Scotland I had my magazine sent to me every month and a little Scotch girl that I played with liked to read it, too, so since I came back home to the U. S. A. I have had the CHILD LIFE sent to her every month. Then she gives it to the children's ward in the hospital there and the children all love to read it. Enclosed is a photograph of this little Scotch girl, Elizabeth Stevenson.

Your CHILD LIFE reader,
ANNA MAY DUNN,
Age 12. Rupert, Idaho.

ELIZABETH & BOBBY STEVENSON

COLUMBUS DAY

Columbus sailed the ocean,
  Columbus sailed the sea.
He sailed on and he
  Found the land
So dear to you and me.

And that is why we thank him
  On this Columbus Day,
Because he sailed and so we have
  The good old U. S. A.

EARL C. FUNK, JR.,
Tulsa, Okla.

It is estimated that about 5,000,000 *children reach the pre-school ages of four and five in the United States every year . . . .*
EVERYONE *of them should have a set of* BILD-A-WORD *for* TOTS *right now!*

Give Your Child the RIGHT Start!

BILD-A-WORD *for* TOTS

- We take pride in presenting BILD-A-WORD *for* TOTS to the mothers and fathers who care about the proper playthings for their children.
- Acclaimed by teachers and child-psychologists as the most important contribution to "pre-school educational playthings" in many years . . . A veritable kindergarten education in itself. . . It teaches the child, while playing, the FOUR basic elements of schooling: ***colors, numerals, picture construction*** and ***spelling.***
- Hours of constructive fun for the kiddies . . . A game as well as a toy that thoroughly fills a long-felt want . . . Scientific . . . Ingenious . . . yet exceedingly simple. *Made in 2 models.*

No. R1 . . Set of 36 cards (13 colorful subjects) and 9-inch revolving stand, *Price* $1.00

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The spelling card game for everybody from 8 to 80 . . . Set consists of BILD-A-WORD cards, dictionary, point cards, directions for 5 different, fascinating games.

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BILD-A-WORD PICTURE PUZZLES

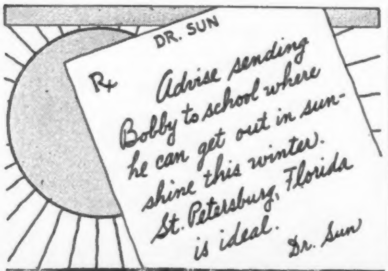
Make a picture--build a word. For children 3 yrs. and up. Set consists of 36 cards and "black-board effect" stand.

Complete 50c

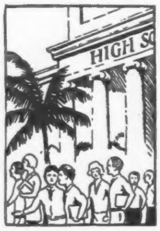
BILD-A-WORD *games are for sale at leading department stores, toy, game and book shops.*

If your dealer is out of stock write direct to

EDUCATIONAL CARD & GAME CORP.
132 West 31st Street, New York, N.Y.


DR. SUN
Rx Advise sending Bobby to school where he can get out in sunshine this winter. St. Petersburg, Florida is ideal.
Dr. Sun

Your children can be protected from the winter
HEALTH HAZARDS



HEALTH of your children, slowly built up in summer, soon will be assaulted by winter hazards of colds, coughs, "flu," snow and ice. *Sunshine is vital to children!* You've seen the bloom of rosy health fade when winter comes. Protect your children from the winter health hazards. Send them to school with sunshine as their daily playmate, at St. Petersburg where the sun shines 360 days a year and children enjoy outdoor play all winter

Public schools from kindergarten through high school are open to your children without tuition. Junior College only $120 a year. Excellent private schools. *There's never been an epidemic in St. Petersburg, called by medical authority "The Healthiest Spot on Earth."* Schools open in September.

Solve the problem of your own winter comfort, too, while you aid the children along the path to sturdy health. Come early and you have a wide choice of apartments and homes for the winter, at rates to suit every taste and purse. Your winter coal bill will pay your transportation to St. Petersburg. Write for special school folder and city booklet.

THE SUNSHINE CITY
St. Petersburg
FLORIDA

MAIL TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLETS

S. A. Deaderick,
Chamber of Commerce,
St. Petersburg, Florida

Please send me a copy of your special school folder and city booklet.

Name..

Address..

City and State..

CAVE EXPLORING

We live at the foot of a mountain, on which is a cave. One day my sister Senta, our friend Betty and I decided to go up there and explore it.

So that Sunday afternoon we all went up. Father jokingly said that we should watch out for mountain lions or bears, but we laughed and said that we were not afraid of them.

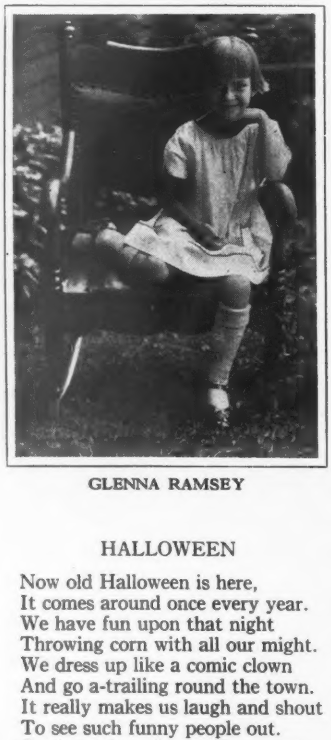
In the front part of the cave were some Indian paintings, and after we had showed them to our friend, I suggested that we should go into the dark part. We did not have any candles, and Betty said that she did not want to go. So Senta and I ventured alone. When we were in the dark, we suddenly heard the noise of some trampling feet and saw two green eyes staring at us. We were sure that it was a lion, and ran as fast as we could, the animal running behind us. Very scared, we tumbled in a heap with Betty, and over us jumped—as frightened as we were—a billy goat!

GISELA VON KNOOP,
Muzquia, Coah., Mexico.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have taken "Child Life" for four years. It is hard for me to wait for my next issue. Although it is hard for me to say which stories I enjoy the most, I think "The Treasure of Belden Place," "The Disappearance of Miss Columbia," "The Mystery of Miffles," "Hilltop Castle" and "A Patriot in Hoops" are my favorites.

A fond reader,
BEATRICE C. COHEN,
Age 10½. Chicago, Ill.



GLENNA RAMSEY

HALLOWEEN

Now old Halloween is here,
It comes around once every year.
We have fun upon that night
Throwing corn with all our might.
We dress up like a comic clown
And go a-trailing round the town.
It really makes us laugh and shout
To see such funny people out.
O what a joy when we have seen
The comical sights of Halloween!

GLENNA E. RAMSEY,
Age 9½. Vincennes, Ind.

MasterCraft
PAINTING SETS

What fine fun Painting Coloring-Drawing ..

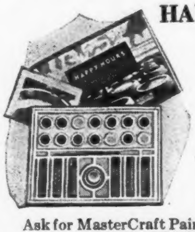
. . . beautifully colored paints, lots of them and every color imaginable, for Painting cards, books, pictures; wax crayons for Coloring; pretty pictures for Copying and Coloring; and a Coloring-Chart and Instructions showing exactly how to do it all—there's just heaps of fun for busy little fingers.

with these Safe Playtime Paints

MasterCraft Painting Sets are safe because the paints are harmless and stainless. Made without poisonous dyes; will not stain fingers or fabrics and can be washed with water. Safe, too, because the UNIT TRAY CONSTRUCTION (in all sets from $1.00 up) keeps everything together in one place, prevents the paints from coming out of the box, and provides a stronger container which will keep the set in good condition for a longer time. This is an exclusive feature found only in MasterCraft Painting Sets. There are many different sets to select from, each containing a liberal assortment of high quality materials for Painting, Coloring, Copying and Drawing.

Priced from 25 cents to $7.50

HAPPY HOURS



. . the most popular set. Contains 14 paints in UNIT TRAY; 12 crayons; glass water cup; Coloring-chart, book and brush. Price $1.00

Many more sets at 25c, 50c, $1.50, $2.50, $4.00, $5.00, and $7.50.

Ask for MasterCraft Painting Sets at your favorite store; if unobtainable, we will send to you, postpaid, upon receipt of price.

Free to Children and Parents
A MasterCraft Painting Book which tells more about these Beautiful Painting Sets.

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The PORTER CHEMICAL COMPANY
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A Home Necessity
DOUBLE-TIPPED
SWABS

As sure as there's a baby in the home—Q-TIPS are necessities. For cleansing little ears, eyes, nose, navel—for 100 home uses—keep these prepared swabs at hand. Double-tipped with soft, boric-dipped cotton and packed in dainty boxes. Sold everywhere in 25c and 50c sizes. Or write Dept. 22 Q-TIPS, Inc., 32 East 31st St., New York.

Q'TIPS
DOUBLE TIPPED SWABS

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE

LIEBIG'S

Extract of Beef

DELICIOUS

Added to soups, stews, sauces, gravies, fish, meats, vegetables and salads, "Lemco" imparts a rich beef flavor that is most appetizing.

ECONOMICAL AND HEALTHFUL

With "Lemco", leftovers can be made into savory, beef-flavored dishes, tempting to fastidious appetites. A quarter teaspoonful, stirred in a cup of hot water, is a healthful, stimulating beef tea especially recommended for children, invalids, convalescents and all who cannot easily digest meats.

Sold by all Druggists or Grocers

Lamont, Corliss & Co., 131 Hudson Street, New York, U. S. Distributors for Oxo Limited, London, England.

A LITTLE "LEMCO" GOES A LONG WAY

NEW FREE CATALOG DESIGNS
CLASS PINS
PIN COMPLETE WITH DATE GUARD & CHAIN 2 COLORS
PRICES WHEN QUANTITY 12 OR MORE
STERLING SILVER $1.35 EA. $1.20 EA.
SILVER PLATE .75 EA. .65 EA.
METAL ARTS CO., INC. 781 Portland Ave. Rochester, N.Y.

Fun for the Children this HALLOWE'EN

Exciting plans sent FREE!

NEW ideas for decorations and costumes, for exciting games and spooky stunts—an evening full of fun and surprises. These plans are free. Just send the coupon.

For every party—at home, church, club, or school—you can get everything to make it a big success—crepe paper, decorations, place cards, novelties—at stationery and department stores and many drug stores.

Send for the free plans. And why not let us include the Hallowe'en Number of the Party Magazine and the book of Crepe Paper Costumes?

DENNISON'S, Dept. 124-X
Framingham, Mass.
Please send me *free*, plans for a children's Hallowe'en Party.

Name..
Street or R. F. D...............................
City.............................. State..............

To get the Party Magazine (Hallowe'en Number) enclose 25c and check here ....

Why not let us include some of these famous Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

....*Crepe Paper Costumes* ....*Decorating Halls & Booths*
....*Children's Parties* ....*Games for Children's Parties*
....*Money Making Parties* ....*Adult Games and Stunts*
....*Showers & Announcements* ....*Party Table Decorations*

Dennison's

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I had a party. My birthday was the thirteenth of July. My granddaddy gave me a bicycle. I am six years old.

Your friend,
TOMMY HOPKINS,
Roanoke, Va.

TOMMY HOPKINS

Dear Joy Givers' Club:

I live on the Mohave desert about forty miles east of Mohave. In the springtime there are many flowers. There are catpaws, baby blue eyes, yellow asters, purple asters, cockanitas, squaw cabbage and many more interesting flowers.

About three miles west of us there is a town named Randsburg. On a big hill above Randsburg is a mine named the Yellow Aster Mine. It is so named because of the numerous yellow asters growing about there.

I am a Joy Giver,
BETH LINDSAY,
Age 12. Red Mountain, Calif.

Dear Miss Waldo:

We had a very interesting trip to the Carlsbad Caverns. We started at eleven o'clock in the morning and came out at a quarter after five. During the time we were in there we saw many beautiful and interesting sights. We saw rocks that looked exactly like real persons. There were two rocks that were formed like Mutt and Jeff, a moose head, and midgets. Some things hanging up looked like celery and some looked like bacon. There were twin domes and icebergs. Then we went in a room and ate dinner and stayed there half an hour. Then we went in a room called the King's Palace which was very beautiful. We then went in another room called the Green Room. It was lit up in green lights. To get out of there we climbed many stairs and when we got nearly out we saw Bat's Cave. After two days in New Mexico we went up in the Davis Mountains and had a good time. But we were glad to get back home.

Sincerely yours,
HELEN MCCONNELL,
Abilene, Texas.

Notice to Joy Givers

Original contributions intended for the Joy Givers' Department of the January issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to and not later than October 31. Stories from 250 to 400 words in length and poems suitable for this issue are desired, as well as interesting letters. The best of these contributions will be selected and published.

Mothers..

would we grown-ups like to wash . . . if we couldn't reach the basin ?

STARTLING thought! Maybe we aren't being fair with our youngsters, about their cleanliness habits. Before they really have learned the "how" of adequate washing, we ask them to use equipment designed for people twice their size.

When there are wee children in the house, wouldn't the very least that we could do, be to provide them with handy steps or a stool? With a rubber mat to keep them from slipping about in the giant tub? With a mirror they themselves can see into? With brushes, and towels, and wash cloths, and soap all put within their own easy reach? And in their bedrooms, their clean clothes kept where they can reach them too?

Why not try this . . . for your sake as well as theirs?

We suggest, too, that you send for, and hang up somewhere, the happy little *reminder-chart*, called "Am I Ready for School Today", that Cleanliness Institute is glad to send to mothers free. It also, you will find, carries a daily lesson to the children, while it saves time for their busy mothers. So use the coupon.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, DEPT. CL10
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me *free*, the following:
(Check which you want)

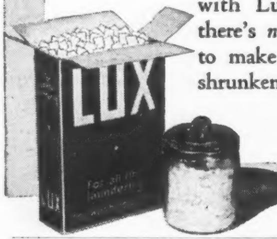
☐ The daily check-up chart, "Am I Ready for School Today?"
For Children of high school age.
☐ "Learn the Art of Magic" A book about cleanliness for boys.
☐ "The Smart Thing to Do" A book about cleanliness for girls.

NAME..
STREET..
CITY.............................. STATE..............

For Doctors' own Babies—

It is not surprising that 91% of the doctors' wives recently asked about the cleansing of their baby's wee garments said, "We use Lux."

As doctors know, Lux is made of the purest materials known. Many soaps contain harmful alkali . . . woolens and diapers washed with such soaps may irritate and chafe. Lux has *no harmful alkali,* and with Lux suds, there's *no rubbing* to make woolens shrunken and stiff.



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YE WHO SEEK THE
GIFT
UNUSUAL
KELLOGG GIFTS

Gifts for Everyone—from four corners of the world—collected in one free book—for your convenience in selecting.

Special values in originality, uniqueness, and price—gifts not obtainable in stores generally, all daintily wrapped and at moderate sensible prices.

Every Gift in this unusual catalogue is personally chosen by Mr. Kellogg, whose selections have won the confidence of thousands.

Every order is shipped promptly, charges all paid, each article fully guaranteed. Your money will be refunded at once if you are not satisfied.

In the comfort of your own home, you can select your choices from these hundreds of illustrated articles.

Send today for your Free copy of the 1931 Kellogg Catalogue.

ROBERT W. KELLOGG, Inc.
19 Park Street, Springfield, Mass.
Send me FREE your 1931 Catalogue of "Gifts Unusual."
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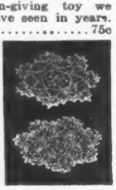
645. A dandy periscope. You can see over tops of snow forts, over people's heads in a crowd, over fences, around door jambs, etc. 17 in. long. It is the most practical and fun-giving toy we have seen in years. 75c



CROCHETED BY HAND
829. Candlestick or finger bowl doilies of snow white Irish linen hand crocheted in delicate designs. 6 in. size. A lovely gift for mother..........$1.00 per pair.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending you a picture of my first pet. Her name is Susan Cottontail. I like her very much. She is very tame and when I take her in the house, she always looks around.

I like to read my magazine. My uncle gave it to me for a Christmas present. I enjoy reading the letters from all over the world.

I took a trip through an Indian reservation near Shawano. They were dressed just like us, but their faces were so brown and their hair was straight and real black.

Your little friend,
Helen Karch,
Merrill, Wisconsin.

HELEN KARCH

AN AUTUMN FANCY

Old Mother Tree was excited
  And excited she well might be,
For her children, the little leaflets,
  Were going to Autumn's party.

This party was given for Summer,
  Because she was going away,
But she comforted all her mourners,
  Saying, "I will be back some day."

A new gown was made for each dancer
  Of yellow and brown, or red,
And their mother's face was full of pride,
  As round the tree-top they sped.

They were carried to the party.
  In a coach of greatest fame.
The chariot was invisible,
  And Wind was the driver's name.

At the party they laughed and made merry
  And danced and frolicked about,
For that Summer'd come back, as she promised,
  Not one of them had a doubt.

They were fed upon fairy nectar,
  And drank of the limpid dew,
And were twirling in joyous confusion,
  As the dawning nearer drew.

At dawn the party departed,
  Enwrapped in cloaks of brown.
On the earth they were soon slumbering,
  Blanketed with white snow down.

The next day the pond was frozen,
  Smooth and without a crack,
But not a leaflet was worried,
  For they knew Summer soon would be back.

Lois Sturmer,
Age 12 Chicago, Ill.

THE STAR

Ball of golden light so high,
Shining brightly in the sky,
Such a contrast 'gainst the night,
Wonder how you shine so bright.

Little star, where have you been,
For through the day you are not seen,
'Tis only when the dark night sheds.
Its blue clouds into black, black threads.

Do you not tire of staying there,
And never going anywhere?
If I were you, O, little star,
I'd travel through the sky so far.

I'd visit all the other stars,
And take a special trip to Mars,
I'd walk where the rainbow since days of old
Holds at its end a pot of gold.

Elvira Josephine Pardo,
Calle F Y 21, No. 45,
Vedado, Havana, Cuba.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am a little girl just five years old and I have three sisters—one older and two younger. We enjoy our magazine very much and always do the puzzle first, and then have our Mother read "Chip's Chums."

I make lots of little poems and am sending one. Some day we shall send our picture. With love,

Phyllis O'Connor,
Warrensburgh, N.Y.

MY PUSSIES LIFE

My pussy purrs the whole day long,
  And takes a walk sometimes,
She often gets mischievous,
  And purrs such funny rhymes.

Pussy likes to watch me,
  She looks like a ball of silk,
She often purrs quite loudly
  So I'm sure to give her milk.

Pussy is quite funny,
  For once she caught a mouse,
She felt so very proud of it,
  She dragged it in the house.

As soon as I discovered her,
  I said, "You naughty cat,"
Please take that to the alley,
  For I hate to see a rat."

Of course she did as she was told,
  She is like a little elf,
As soon as she returned from our dark alley,
  She looked more like herself.

June E. Yocom,
Reading, Pa.

THE COYOTE

He's long and lean and gaunt and gray,
As swift as the wind and as fierce, they say,
    With a terrible growl,
    And a woeful howl—
      That's the coyote

He's wily and quick,
And up to every trick,
    The robber of pens
    And the killer of hens—
      That's the coyote.

When caught in a trap,
Oh, how he will snap,
    And he'll put up a fight
    That you will not like—
      That's the coyote.

Helen Duffy,
Lanfair, Calif.

Litho Plate
EDUCATIONAL BLACKBOARD

YOUNG MINDS ARE:
Enthusiastic–Curious–Thoughtful

You know your childrens' minds are constantly busy building up and then, revising problems of their own devise. For this job, they deserve the best aid obtainable—***are you getting that aid for them?***

LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboards are an invaluable aid for this job—they merit your attention. These Educational Blackboards combine the element of play, essential to all children, and practical work. They are so designed that the natural abilities of children are encouraged.

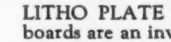
See the LITHO PLATE Line of Educational Blackboards at your local merchants. ***They will please you.***

• • •

If your local merchant cannot supply you, we will be glad to send you a LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboard as illustrated, with 40 educational charts, and unbreakable, slated blackboard, $4.95, or one having 60 educational charts, with 30 charts in color, @ $5.95, f.o.b., Muncie, Indiana.

RICHMOND
SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
Muncie, Indiana, U. S. A.

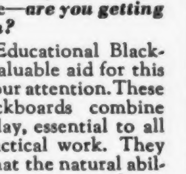
HIT THE BULL'S EYE WITH
FUNGUN



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Nothing else like it. Registers where it hits the target. Absolutely harmless. Looks like a real gun. Improve your marksmanship—indoors or out. Price $1.00. If your dealer can't supply you write: Deeks Mfg., Co., Inc., 105 Arch St., Camden, N.J.

THE HARMLESS SHOOTING GAME



OCTOBER

This is the month when goblins and ghosts
Walk o'er the fields in goodly hosts,

And jack-o'-lanterns shining bright
Give out a ghostly, spectral light.

Witches on brooms pervade the air
And black cats are seen most everywhere.

LOIS CULBERT,
Age 11. Oxford, Maine.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I live on a four-hundred-acre wheat farm. Daddy used horses when we first came here to live but now he uses the tractor for everything, except to take us to church on Sunday. We go to church in the car.

Daddy cuts and threshes his wheat with a combine. He sows wheat in the fall and cuts it in July. It looks pretty because it is green when it snows in the winter. We had a snow last winter that was two feet deep and we could not see the wheat then.

I do not have any brothers or sisters but my grandma lives with us and she is lots of fun. She tells me lots of stories. She used to live in Texas, near Cynthia Ann Parker. Maybe you have read about the Indians getting her when she was just a little girl and keeping her a long time. The Indians never got my grandma, but one time they went over a hill near the place where she was dipping up water. She was so scared she could not tell her mother for a long time what was the matter with her.

I go to the Forest Consolidated School. Most of the children come on buses but I live close to the schoolhouse. One little boy has to come twenty miles.

I like my dog Bozo best of all my pets. My grandpa brought him to me three years ago from California. We have some twin calves. They are black and white spotted. Their names are Amy 'n' Annie. It is lots of fun to feed them. Then I have two little kittens. One is as white as snow and one is gray spotted. Their mother is dead and I have to feed them with a spoon.

Your little friend,
RACHEL BELCHER,
Melrose, N. Mex.

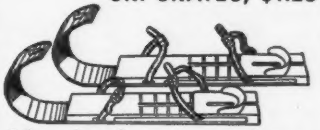
MARK FISHER

THE FLYING DUCK

I have a duck and he can fly;
He flew 'way up into the sky.
I asked my duck why he did that.
He answered, "Oh, I saw a cat!"

MARK FISHER,
Age 6. Palo Alto, Calif.

SKI SKATES, $1.25



Used whenever there is even a light snow!

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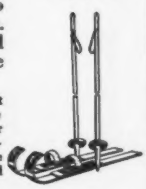

If your local dealer cannot supply you, send us his name with your remittance. Either set—adjustable to fit youngsters of any age—will be promptly sent you prepaid on receipt of price.

F. D PETERS & CO.
21-51 Foster St., Gloversville, New York

SKI SKATES & SKI SETS

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WHAT fun you had! Playing outdoors all the while. But now come colder stormy days when it is pleasanter in the house.

Ask Mother to buy you a box of CRAYOLA crayons for some real indoor fun. It costs only 10c. With CRAYOLA you can draw and color lovely pictures of your summer vacation days.

Perhaps Father will give you 25c to send with the Magic Coupon for "Stories to Color." It contains ten interesting stories with pictures like this one, only much larger.

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--*The* MAGIC COUPON---

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Please send my CRAYOLA pictures.
25c enclosed.

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Address..

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"LINDY" GLIDER
TOY HUBLEY LINE

LOOK at this toy Glider—just like the big one "Lindy" uses! You will have lots of fun pulling it along on its rubber tired wheels. "Lindy" himself is sitting in front; you can take him off if you wish. The "LINDY" GLIDER is 10" long, 11" wide, and you'll like its pretty colors. Ask Mother or Dad to buy it for you at the toy store. If not there, send us $1.15 and we'll send it postpaid. (If west of the Mississippi, send $1.40.) Be sure to look for the HUBLEY trade mark and "Lindy's" name on the wing.

THE HUBLEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Established 1894
Dept. CL, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

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Every boy and girl knows the story of the father who sent an arrow through an apple on the head of his son. This stamp pictures the boy with the apple and arrow.

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SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 1 W. 47th St., New York

Dame Wilkins and Her Cats

A Halloween Game

(See page 518)

By Clara Fahrenbach

THIS game is played on the open page of the magazine with pins. Two people may play. Count out for the beginner.

Each player has four pins. Tie pieces of colored thread around the heads of the pins, so that each player will know which are his.

A button is used as a counter by both players. Toss the counter into the lid of a small box set an equal distance from each player. If the button falls right side up, it counts a move up the roof. If it falls wrong side up, it counts a move down the roof.

The first player starts down one side of the Dame's roof and the next player starts down the other side. Then they go down and up the roofs of the different houses from one row of cottages to another.

A player may use his four pins right after another or whenever he thinks it a good move.

The counter must be right side up to place a cat on the top of the Dame's cottage, the starting point. No player can hold the top of the Dame's roof longer than necessary.

In the second row of cottages when two cats pass in opposite directions the cat who has an up count has the right of way and the cat who is going down loses one turn.

When seven cats have arrived at the moon, the player who has the most cats there wins the game.

Honor Roll for May

(Continued from page 501)

Charles Kyripka
Rosalie Labrucherie
John Ladanyi
Josephine Lake
Robert Lay
Richard Leichty
Harry Leonardo
Arlene Lucentre
Pauline Lumis
Francis B. McEvoy
Martha McIntosh
Rita McManus
William Magill
Patsy Mangusi
Frank Marino
Laura Marsik

(To be continued)

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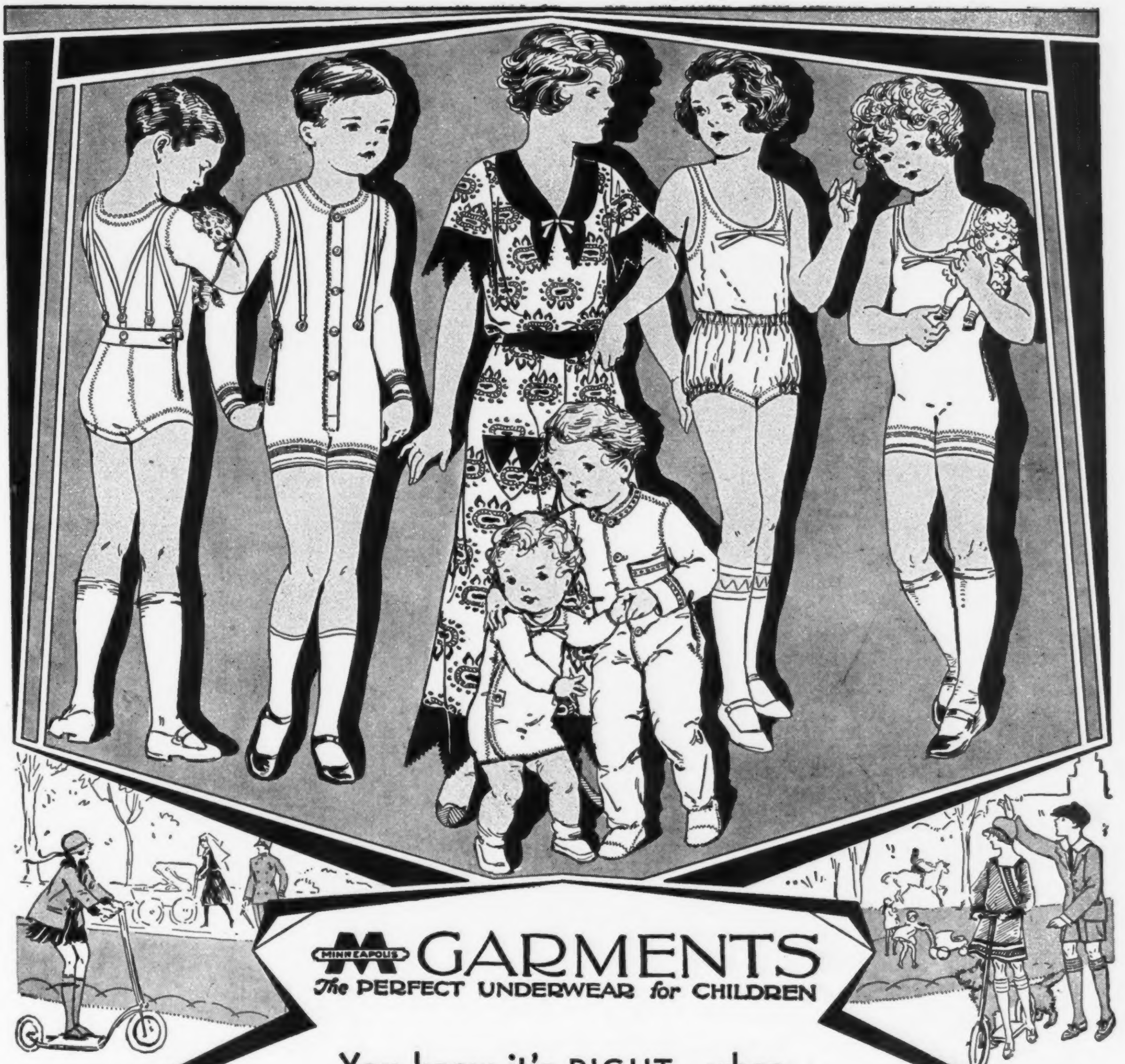

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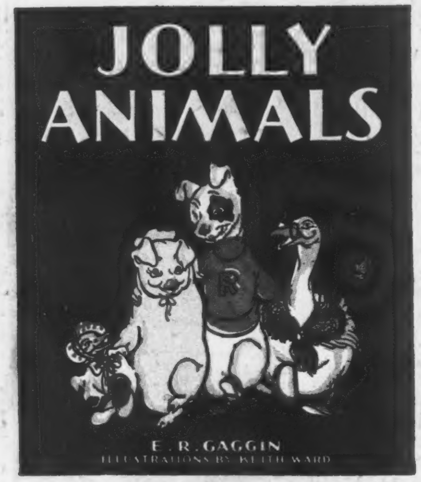

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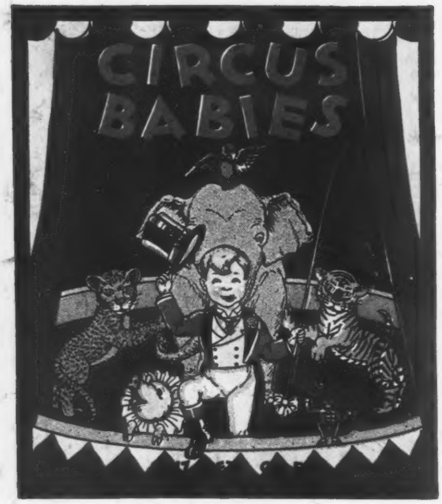

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